Principles of Expression

A Guide for Developing

Readers, Speakers and Dramatic Artists

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PRINCIPAL OF
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PRINCIPLES OF EXPRESSION

INTRODUCTION.

As to whether you will attempt anything in the line of music or painting, you may choose and do as you like. Those are arts which may be taken up or let alone as you wish. It is not so with the art of expression which we talk about leaving to the teacher, reader, or the actor. *It is an art that we must practice from the moment we are born till the moment we die.*

We are actors. The question for us is not, shall we act? but, how shall we act? The human soul is a force that must make itself known and felt. That we have no choice about. The question of choice comes in regard to the manner in which it will appear.

Now, every emotion, thought and feeling has its own natural mode of expression, and so there is a *science of expression* as much as there is a science of botany. All *genuine* art must be based upon *science,* and all science is the result of observed facts.

Words are but symbols of thoughts. In life we give voice to our thoughts and the words we speak to do this are but a medium between our minds and the minds of others. "It is not so important what we say as the way in which we say it."

The language may be all that is rich and flexible, but there will always remain a subtle something which the living voice alone can express—the limitations of the pen

have always been felt. Those who had the privilege of hearing Alfred Tennyson read his lines all declared that until then "the half had not been told."

The botanist studied plant life, found its method of development and the laws by which it was governed, and we have the *science* of botany. Based upon this knowledge we have the *art of agriculture.* Now, in the same manner, Delsarte, the world's greatest prophet in this branch of knowledge, set out to study the actions of mankind as a science. He went among all classes of people, just as the botanist went among all kinds of plants. In fact, whenever he met a human being, he made careful observations of everything he did. From all the facts gained from this tireless observation of phenomena, he *discovered the laws of expression.*

We unconsciously hear the words, note the expression of the face, observe the attitude and movement. We take it all in at a glance without analyzing what we are doing. Now, if we are to learn the art of expression, as we would learn any other art, and as the actor learns it, we must study it as a science.

Strange as it may appear, when we first state it, we do not know what many natural movements are until they are pointed out to us. The child is natural and graceful. It breathes naturally and moves naturally. As soon as it becomes self-conscious it begins to be awkward and unnatural and, if not aided by correct education, will develop in an unnatural way. By the time the average person has come to adult life, he makes very few natural movements and hardly knows what natural movements are.

The genius in any art is the one that gets nearest to nature. That is why the ordinary person, when he sees a great production in art says, "I see nothing wonderful in

that." What he really means is that he sees nothing really startling in it. *Everything natural is simple and easy of comprehension.* It appeals to us as something akin to our being. We seem to fit into it as though it had been made for us.

What we all need is training back to nature. This study of expression is simply learning what is natural in expression. How does it happen that a certain sentence or a certain word said in a certain way and with a certain inflection produces an irresistible effect upon the hearer? *It does not happen at all.* It is so because the laws of expression, as eternal and unchangeable as the laws of gravitation, have been obeyed and the result is satisfactory, as it always is when things work in accordance with nature's laws and not against them.

The soul, or rather the "inner man," thinks, feels, experiences. The body moves in response and tells it to the world. All the muscles of the body are at the service of the soul. Now, it is only in so far as these two factors work together in perfect harmony and with perfect understanding that the soul makes itself felt upon other souls and the world at large. How we wish we could say just what we mean! How we wish we could have some clear understanding with those we love the best. How we wish we could fully express the sympathy we feel! Why cannot we do all these things? Because our words are never large enough to hold the thought that has the deepest meaning, and we know not how to make the body subtly express what the words lack. So, in our everyday affairs, our power and influence is limited, our peace and happiness are diminished, our benevolent and kindly impulses and desires are thwarted, because we fail to completely express **what we really feel.**

The soul is the motive power, the active force, the directing agency. What that is, will determine the essential character of the life.

Our first duty is to beautfy the soul, to make the life within pure and sweet and true and holy, for the soul is the fountain. Our next duty is, as perfectly as possible, to express the best and not the poorest part of our inner self, by means of language, attitude and motion. We cannot afford to be ugly in looks, nor awkward in motion. *Let us remember that the real beauty of the face is in its expression.* The real grace of motion is in its simplicity and naturalness. Perfect grace is rarely seen except in the natural, careless movements of the child. So when a child is able to express its ideas and thoughts in language, it comes properly *emphasized, inflected and modulated,* and it is the work of reading and reciting to presume the same natural expression. *Written and printed expressions are as nothing, only as they bring before the mind the ideas they are intended to suggest.*

"Who lacks the art to shape his thought I hold were little poorer if he lacked the thought."—(Mrs. Kendall).

1. PHILOSOPHY OF EXPRESSION.

Art is at once the knowledge, the possession and the free direction of the agents, by virtue of which are revealed, life, mind and soul. It is the application, knowingly appropriate of the sign to the thing. An application of which the triple object is to move, to convince and to persuade. Art is not, as is said, an imitation of nature, "It elevates in idealizing nature, it is the search for the eternal type."—*Delsarte.*

A definite knowledge of the laws of expression is necessary to the interpretation of thought. Nature is the great teacher and is full of life and growth. All art is founded upon nature, and all natural impulses come from *within, outward,* the great principle of this, the *highest of arts.* This course of study sets forth the principles of all true expression, *reduced to simple* form and presented in the order of their *natural unfoldment.* The understanding of the laws is first in order, then the application until the whole being is under control. Natural expression follows, the voice and body both responding to the mind. Together with the training of both voice and body, the mind must be enriched and strengthened to reach the greatest possibilities. The reader receives his inspiration from the study of great literature, just as the painter draws his inspiration from nature and life. The work of the reader is to *"give life to the printed page."* Expression deals with the whole man. The voice and body can com-

prehend and feel only what the mind is capable of thinking and feeling.

There are three forms of expression:

1. Pantomimic expression, or the manifestation of the being by the attitudes, gestures and bearings of the body.

2. Vocal expression or the manifestation of the being by the tones, inflections or colors of the voice.

3. Verbal expression, or the manifestation of the being by articulation, which consists in the formation of vocal tones in conventional symbols or words.

A knowledge of expression therefore implies:

1. A knowledge of the nature of the being.

2. A knowledge of the organization of the being.

3. A knowledge of the relations existing between the two.

The finished artist, singer, orator or actor is one who has full and free knowledge, possession and control of that whole apparatus by whose means life, mind and soul are revealed.

2. VOICE BUILDING.

We often wish "we could see ourselves as others see us," but do we ever wish we could hear ourselves as others hear us? Because we find ourselves endowed with a vocal organism seems to be reason sufficient to conclude that all we have to do is to use it.

There are those who deem no labor too hard for the cultivation of the singing voice; and yet that important unfolder of the thoughts of the mind—the speaking voice—is given little or no attention. We must not imagine that because God has given us lungs and this most delicate of instruments, we may use it as suits our fancy. It is a gift for which each will be held accountable, not only for the words it has uttered, but how it has uttered them. An old adage says, "Wise men read sharply half of your private history in your gait and behavior," and we might add, the other half in the voice.

Your voice is worth a thought. Train it to respond willingly to the mind, make it the servant, not the master. Consider the value of the thoughts of others as you read, and give them their true worth. The general strength of the voice depends upon the capacity of the chest, the development of the muscles used in vocalization, the extent to which the vocal cords can vibrate, and the power of communicating resonance possessed by the air passages and other neighboring cavities. To read and speak with care, there must be perfect action of the dorsal, costal and abdominal muscles. The abdominal muscles act in concert with the diaphragm and muscles of the chest in the pro-

cess of breathing and by their lateral contraction, they give additional force to the action of the diaphragm in propelling the air from the lungs through the trachea and thus give power and volume to the voice.

Breathing.

Strength of voice depends upon the amount of breath retained in the lungs during the emission of tone. Students should be patient and not aim directly for strength but first secure control of the breath. Strength and purity are normal qualities of tone. A man is heard at a distance on account of the retention of breath in the lungs. It is this which causes the voice to carry, not the mere matter of volume. Volume may or may not increase, but the breath must increase if the voice is to travel to a distance. Musical sounds will travel to a great distance, on account of the regularity of the successive sound waves. Nature loves to carry a pure tone.

If the voice be perfectly free it is then perfectly capable of expressing all that the person thinks and feels. The first point in voice production is freedom. *When the voice is under control it will obey the mind.* Right objects of thought will then produce the wished for results.

The mind must never lose sight of the results to be attained, the ideal toward which he leans.

(1) The proper use of the voice itself is one of the most invigorating exercises that can be practiced. All the vital organs are called into healthful action through the manipulation of the breath, and the nervous system both vitally and emotionally receives invigoration. Points given toward developing control of the voice:

(2) To breathe properly one must stand correctly.

(3) Breathe strong and deep several times, keeping the mouth closed, breathe in through the nose until the lungs are comfortably filled with air.

(4) Expand the diaphragm by concentrating the mind on that point and try to direct the breath in that direction. Breathe out slowly until you feel a sense of perfect relaxation at the waist line. Repeat this exercise many times each day. The greater part of the breath should expand the diaphragm; however, the chest, abdomen, back and sides will expand simultaneously and the *vocal cords will open to their fullest extent.* Beware of *overcrowding* the lungs; it is not the amount but the control of breath that produces results. Breathing exercises should be performed very gently and slowly, with only a medium supply of breath at first, and but for short intervals of time each day.

The lungs are inflated and exhausted by the alternate operation of the diaphragm and of the contraction and elongation of the abdominal muscles. All are familiar with the hand bellows. Observe the striking analogy between it and the body in the act of speaking or singing The wind-pipe is like its nozzle, the lungs like the sides, and the abdominal or dorsal muscles, like the handles. Of course, to blow with ease and power one must take hold of the handles, and to speak and sing right, the lower muscles must be used. Tone must be developed before *power.* Mere efforts to strengthen the voice *may weaken it* as well as hinder true expression.

Loudness.

Loudness ruins not only the power and quality of the voice, and prevents modulation, but it causes a severe strain on the throat, as until control of the vocal apparatus

is gained the loud tones cause a tightness and contraction of the muscles, which in a very short time will result in a husky, strained voice.

Skill in the use of voice demands a good ear. Speakers with poor inflection and little change of pitch will be found as a rule to have dull ears. The sense of hearing can be educated and is possibly more capable of education than any other sense. Persevering practice on a few simple exercises will direct the mind so that it will cause the ear to detect the slightest change in pitch or other voice modulation. The training is a mental one, of course. Have the pupils practice on the different slides. Keep them in the practice of simple poems full of melody and in time desired results will be attained.

Exercises

(1) Take the speaker's position. Hum very softly the sound (m). Open the mouth gently, still keeping the soft humming sound.

(2) Practice in combination with the various vowel sounds (m) (ah) (m) (oh), etc., prolonging both the humming sound and the vowel.

(3) Prolong the sound of the Italian (a) as in (ah). This sound gives the first position of the organs for the production of tone. Sustain (ah) with two dots over it in a low tone.

(4) With no break in the humming make a series of vowels like a, e, i, o, u. Also use (la) (lo) softly with a continuous flow of sound.

(5) Take humming tones and sustain them on (m) (n) (ng), in the different pitches. Increase and diminish the volume of the sounds. Practice the humming tones on as

many different notes on the scale as can be reached easily. Strike each tone definitely. *Never* slur. Keep the idea in mind: Start the tone as if it were dropping down and striking a certain point. Follow these exercises with words ending in (ng).

(6) They should all be practiced in a sustained and even manner, continuing tones as long as it is possible to keep a *steady tone.*

(7) The tone must be kept pure and free and practiced with varying degrees of force, with the idea of steadiness.

(8) Practice the vowel (o) in words like "roll," sustaining them as in the foregoing exercises. The (o) is the greatest vowel in rounding the tones. Remember to practice all these *exercises gently* until the student understands just *how to use his voice. It is never the best way to speak loud* in order that one may be heard. The volume of the voice *will increase with the right practice.* The pure voice will grow to power. Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon the idea of perfect purity as the main point in the foundation of power. Never pitch your voice so high or so low that you will feel uncomfortable. The *range of the voice will take care of itself with the right practice.* Practice the scale, gliding from one note to another, also practice gliding in the form of inflection from one extreme of pitch to another, always keeping the pure tone. The different vowels should be practiced in this way. In every exercise have the consciousness of *directing each tone forward.* Nearly every voice is faulty and needs a directing hand to bring it back to what nature originally intended it to be. The tones are usually in the back of the mouth, or, in other words, swallowed. However, by keeping the idea of *for-*

ward in your mind as you practice, also in *your daily conversation,* all tones will eventually be placed in the *front of the mouth.* Then all speaking will be of itself a vocal culture. All huskiness will disappear. The strain on the throat being entirely gone, that part of your body will constantly grow stronger and your voice will grow in beauty, range and volume, as you grow older. Remember to *practice gently* until a certain degree of control is gained. Passages of sympathy, love, grandeur, should be practiced with various degrees of variation, endeavoring to suit the voice to the thought and the response will surely come with patient, persevering practice.

Exercises

Take up your breath. Keep the idea of a pure tone and its forward direction. Try to suit your voice to the thoughts to be conveyed. *Sustain the tone.*

In deeds of love excel.
Do well, do well, do well.
Lord of the Universe, shield us and guide us.
Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll.
Hear the sledges with the bells, silver bells.

Abrupt Force

When the student breathes naturally at all times, abrupt force can be introduced. Singers, speakers and orators almost all suffer sooner or later when ignorant of the correct mode of using abrupt force. They strain their voices to such an extent in impassioned utterances that soon the voice "breaks." Their mistake is endeavoring to give abrupt force with the throat and head tones instead of the

chest voice. If, in practice, the pupil wills that the impulse come from the lowest part of the chest and that each word be expelled with one sudden heaving of the diaphragm, he will have at his command a quality of voice for expressing passion which he can use for almost any length of time, without feeling fatigue, and by such exercise the voice will constantly increase in purity, strength and compass. To give a perfect tone, there are five essential points to be considered: 1, Position; 2, Right filling of lungs; 3, Proper carriage of the chest; 4, Control of the expulsion of breath; 5, Right direction of the vocal current. Physical exercises should be practiced which are especially adapted to the development of the chest and lungs.

Stand in the proper position, breathe correctly and expel the breath on the following:

Ha, ha! Ho, ho! He, he!
Bell! Bell! Bell! Roll! Roll! Roll!
Half a league! Half a league onward!

Exercises

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!—*Longfellow.*

SWEET AND LOW.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
  Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
  Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
  Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep.

—*Tennyson.*

A million little diamonds twinkled on the trees;
A million little maidens said: "A jewel, if you please."
But while they held their hands outstretched to catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came and stole them all away.

—*Anon.*

You spotted snakes with double tongue.
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.
Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good-night, with lullaby.

—*Shakespeare.*

From that chamber clothed in white
The bride came forth on her wedding night
There in the silent room below,
The dead lay, in his shroud of snow;

And, in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,
"For-ever—never!
Never—forever!"—*Longfellow.*

THE FUGITIVES.

The waters are flashing,
The white hail is dashing,
The lightnings are glancing,
The hoar spray is dancing:—
Away!

The whirlwind is rolling,
The thunder is tolling,
The forest is swinging,
The minister-bells ringing:—
Come away!

The earth is like ocean,
Wreck-strewn and in motion;
Bird, beast, man, and worm,
Have crept out of the storm:—
Come away!—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

3. ANALYSIS.

Read the following through carefully. Work for the right *mental action.*

Read until you have the full meaning, then separate the *thoughts. What is the first new idea in each sentence?*

What word or phrase in each sentence contains the principal idea? What word or phrase contains an idea?

Dwell on the meaning of each word and note their relative *importance* as expressive of the thought. Find out the meaning of each word.

Note the ideas of similarity and contrast, also the ideas of cause and effect. Tell the story in your own words. Stimulate your imagination, filling out the ideas between the lines.

Analyze to find the emotion. Note the varied and changing emotions.

Analyze the language to call up the associated ideas. What associated ideas present themselves to your mind?

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE.

Life is not living
  Just for today.
Life is not dreaming
  All the short way.

To live is to do
  What must be done;
To work and be true
  For work is soon done.

'Tis living for others
To lighten their load;
'Tis helping our brothers
And trusting in God.

—*Anon.*

IF ALL THE SKIES.

If all the skies were sunshine,
Our faces would be fain
To feel once more upon them,
The cooling splash of rain.

If all the world were music,
Our hearts would often long
For one sweet strain of silence
To break the endless song.

If life were always merry,
Our souls would seek relief
And rest from merry laughter
In the quiet arms of grief.

—*Van Dyke.*

Give us, O give us, the man who sings at his work! He will do more in the same time,—he will do it better,—he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous, a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.

—*Carlyle.*

Arrow and Song.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song from beginning to end
I found again in the heart of a friend.

—*Longfellow.*

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light,
The year is dying in the night:
Ring out, wild bells, and let it die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells across the snow,
The year is going, let it go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old.
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

4. PHRASING.

1. Read to bring out ideas, not words.

2. Try to think each idea yourself before speaking it.

3. In natural reading there is the same phrasing or grouping of words as in conversation. In conversation the idea comes first and the mind chooses the words.

Phrasing is the grouping and separating of words to express the ideas and the thoughts underlying them.

Words are but symbols of ideas and mean nothing in themselves. Phrasing cannot be held down by rules. It is natural only when it reveals the thought, and every paragraph requires many more pauses in delivery than there are marks of punctuation. Punctuation is for the eye, not the ear.

Phrasing shows that delivery must be governed by the laws of thought and is definite in proportion to the clearness of the thinking. Where there is failure to grasp the meaning of the words, or when the mental picture does not form definitely, the expression is not natural.

In conversation the phrasing is always natural, because the words belong to the speaker and express his thoughts. Poor phrasing when in reading is due to the lack of right thinking.

Learning to pause is learning to think. The two extremes of pausing, too little or too much are to be avoided. If the words are run together, the effect is lost. If you pause too often the effect or result is tiresome and mechanical. *Work for the thought.*

By separating your words into groups or by grouping your words properly, the hearer clearly understands the thought. "The mirror is held up to nature."

Before leaving one thought allow time enough to let the spoken word penetrate into the minds of your hearers before the next thought is delivered.

During the pause the speaker has the opportunity of taking breath. Loss of breath shows weakness on the part of the reader. Give the ideas to be conveyed their full value.

Pausing properly gives the opportunity to enter into the feeling of each thought as it is approached.

Pausing assists the speaker in conveying sincerity and earnestness to the hearers.

The cause of true phrasing is the realization of the ideas and the words belonging to them, giving the right impression before the expression. In simple prose, the discussion of ideas requires few pauses, while dramatic poetry or composition of any kind, where there are more complex conceptions because of the words, requires more and longer pauses in expression. Pauses are always present when one is natural and when he thinks each idea the instant before he conveys it.

The following is a suggestion which is often used as a law:

5. *Pause after every word or group of words that expresses a separate idea, both to give your hearers time to grasp one thought clearly before another thought is given, and to give yourself time to grasp the next idea. If the idea is not complete, keep the voice up; if it is complete, let the voice fall.*

6. During the pause the listener receives the impression. The right alternation of pause is one of the primary lessons

of all naturalness in conversation, reading or speaking. Before reading the following, concentrate the mind and form a clear idea during each successive pause, giving time for eye and mind to act before each phrase. Grasp both the word and the idea before speaking each word and note the effect of your thinking upon phrasing.

Exercises

The angels never say "Good night,"
For with them 'tis always light;
They say, "Good morrow."
And we shall say as angels do,
When God opens the door and we pass through.
'Till then—"Good night." —*Anon.*

Lose this day in loitering—'twill be the same story
Tomorrow, and the next more dilatory;
Then indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days.
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute—
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it.
Courage has genius, power, and magic in it.
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated—
Begin it, and the work will be completed.
—*Anon.*

If I knew the box where the smiles were kept,
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,
'Twould open, I know, for me.
Then over the land and sea, broadcast,
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet.
I should like to gather them, every one,
From nursery, school, and street;
Then folding and holding, I'd pack them in,
And turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
Into the depths of the sea.

—*Anon.*

The "Alabama" walks the wave—the "Dixie's" doin' fine,
An' I hear the halleluiah of the boys along the line.
It's "Forward—march, my country!" The old flag floats so high
Her ribbons are like rainbows a-ripplin' roun' the sky!

Three cheers—you "Alabama!" Three cheers fer "Dixie," too!
Three cheers fer anything that flies the old red, white an' blue!
It's "Forward—march, my country!" The old flag's goin' by,
An' her ribbons are like rainbows roun' the storm that shakes the sky!

Three cheers! an' send 'em ringin' roun' the land an' crost the sea!
Fer ever' star that's on the flag—that stands fer liberty!
It's "Forward—march, my country!" God keep the old flag high,
An' ripple out her ribbons like rainbows roun the sky.

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps: the lights burn low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth here alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door my friend,
A new face at the door.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

Only a Smile.

1.

'Twas only a smile that was given
From a friend that I chanced to meet,
With a face as bright as a sunbeam,
In the busy walks of the street!
My soul was in darkness and sorrow,
And my heart all burdened with pain;
And tears to my eyelids came welling,
While I strove to stay them in vain.

2.

'Twas only a smile that was given,
And the donor went on her way,
Yet it brought to my heart a sweetness
Through the whole of that live-long day.
'Twas a glance so tender and hopeful,
So sweet and so loving and true,
That my troubles—I quite forgot them,
And I found myself smiling, too.

—*Florence McCurdy.*

5. EMPHASIS.

The basis of expressive emphasis is always *clear* and *vigorous thinking,* and should express the relative importance of ideas. Emphasis is the way we bring out the important ideas, and in conversation it is so natural that even little children emphasize naturally to express their wishes. Yet in reading it is frequently absent. This is because the reader does not *really think* the ideas before expressing them. The emphatic word or phrase of a sentence brings out in prominence the new idea or picture.

Example: "I saw the *children* last evening."

A common fault of reading or speaking is the emphasizing of too many words. As a rule nine-tenths of the words in the most effective conversation are subordinate. They are simply assumed. Only an idea here and there is necessary to carry the mind forward. The *words standing for ideas necessary to the sense are emphatic.*

The surest way to determine the most important idea is in leaving out the word or phrase you think is the prominent one. That word or phrase is emphatic which, when *left out,* completely destroys the author's meaning.

Example: O, a *wonderful* stream is the river of time. If you leave out the word "wonderful," the author's meaning is lost. Every sentence or group has its most important thought; all important thoughts are not always of equal importance, as a usual thing however, every sentence has one prominent idea and you should concentrate upon the discovery of that.

The following suggestions often assist the student in discovering the important idea. In conversation when no special feeling is expressed, the pitch of the voice is raised on the important word. In deep feeling the pitch is lowered. In a series of succeeding words the pitch of the voice is raised or lowered on each word more than on the preceding word according to the feeling that prompts the speaker. Words showing contrast are given in opposition of pitch.

We dwell upon the words or phrases in all forms of emphasis according to the degree of feeling that prompts the speaker.

Force is the degree of energy used in bringing out the important thought and should not be mistaken for loudness. Sometimes in using force the voice sinks almost to a whisper.

Remember the fewer emphasis you can give and still leave the meaning clear the better.

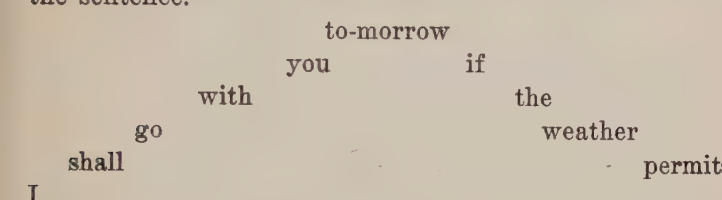
The Pause.

The pause enforces all forms of emphasis. In a strong dramatic outburst it is given before the word or phrase, as if to gather strength for the delivery. When the prominent word completes the phrase the word is held, lingered over as tho the reader were trying to project the thought to his hearers and allowing time for them to grasp his full meaning. Genuine pause is the result of thinking along the line of the subject. It shows that the speaker is considering the idea. The pause at the close of the thought is the best means of conveying it to the audience and of showing the importance or depth of the thought.

Examples for practice:

I shall go with you to-morrow if the weather permits.

If *to-morrow* is the main idea, the inflection rises until to-morrow is reached, the pitch of the voice is raised on to-morrow, then the voice descends on the remainder of the sentence.



If weather should be the prominent idea the rising inflection rises to *weather* and descends on *permits.*

I was glad to get the message yesterday and changed my plans accordingly.

The rising inflection is used to *message,* when the pitch of the voice reaches the highest point, *yesterday* takes a slightly lower key, then the inflection gradually rises to *plans* and descends on accordingly.

Ex.: O! how weary I have been.

The inflection gradually descends to the word *weary* when the pitch of the voice takes a lower key.

I shall never go, never, never, never.

As a rule the pitch of the voice is raised on each succeeding never, the inflection gradually rises to the end of the sentence, and the feeling constantly grows in intensity.

"*Sink* or *swim, Live or die, Survive* or *perish.* I give my *heart* and my *hand* to the *vote.*"

The contrasted words are of equal importance and are given in opposition of pitch.

Subordination.

By subordination is meant the subduing of certain passages to make them less important than the prominent ones, or it is the realizing of an idea or ideas as of secondary importance to the main one.

Ex.: I saw your father in town last week shaking hands with his friends.

Father is the important idea of the above, the remainder of the group is subordinate to *father,* although *friends* is the important word of the subordinate phrase.

When the reader fully understands the meaning of the words, the important idea is given without any special thought as in the above example, but on the other hand there is need of close attention.

Climax.

The climax of a selection is its most important part.

Just as an artist brings out certain features in his picture by painting others in the background, just as he gets his effects of lights by painting the surrounding objects in the shadow we intensify our climax by subordinating the rest of the selection. In every selection there is a most important paragraph, in every paragraph a most important sentence and in every sentence a most important word or phrase. The truly dramatic outburst leaves the audience at the highest point of emotion. The climax is reached by different forms of emphasis and inflection.

Practice the following:

"Heaven is not reached by a single bound, but we build the ladder by which we rise from the lowly earth to the

vaulted skies, and we mount to the summit round by round."

Heaven, and *round* by *round,* are the important words. How is heaven reached? The answer is round by round. The remainder of the paragraph is subordinate to the one great thought, the way we reach heaven.

Usually subordinate passages are spoken more rapidly and in a slightly lower key than the important ones. However, this is not always true as when the group may be grammatically subordinated it may be of great importance and can not be read according to the rule, as in the following:

Last year (how well I remember it), my decision made everything right.

How well I remember it, is subordinate but may be given with more feeling than the important thought.

"And once again, hear me, ye waves that echo to the tread of either Brutus; once again I swear the Italian city shall be free."

Once again I swear the Italian city shall be free is the important group; the subordinate group—*hear me,* &c., &c., is given with strong emotion, the expression growing in strength until the climax *free* is reached.

Practice the following. Analyze each example for the ideas. The teacher should strive in every way to stimulate the imagination and feeling of the student. The object of these laws is not to lay down cast-iron rules to be followed mechanically, but to guide the student in grasping the thought to be conveyed:

The education of moral character is the foundation of all training for citizenship. But granted that we have such culture, granted that we understand today the end and aim

of all education is the culture of moral character, *there is still additional attitude or aspect of culture which is necessary for the function of the citizen.—Griggs.*

The lines in *italics* show the more important thoughts.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig,"
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year,
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace,
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I?
And not half so spry;
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

—*Emerson.*

Mountain and *squirrel* are contrasted as are *former* and *latter*. Be careful in reading the above not to read

in jerks—do not use the falling inflection only when necessary.

Practice the following:

Line after line the troopers came to the edge of the woods that was ring'd with flame—rode in and sabered and shot, and fell; nor came one back his wounds to tell. And full in the midst rose Keenan, tall in the gloom, like a martyr—awaiting his fall, while the circle-stroke of his sabre, swung 'round his head, like a halo there luminous hung. Line after line—ay, whole platoons, struck dead in their saddles—of brave dragoons by the maddened horses were onward borne and into the vortex flung, trampled and torn; as Keenan fought with his men side by side. So they rode, till there was no more to ride. But over them, lying there, shattered and mute, what deep echo rolls?—'Tis a death salute from the cannon in place; for, heroes, you braved your fate not in vain; the army was saved!

Over them now—year following year—over their graves the pine-cones fall, and the whip-poor-will chants his spectre call; but they stir not again, they raise no cheer, they have ceased. But their glory shall never cease, nor their light be quenched in the light of peace; for the rush of their charge is resounding still that saved the army at Chancellorsville.—*Keenan's Charge, George Parsons Lathrop.*

It was roses, roses, all the way,
With Myrtle mixed in my path like mad:
The house roofs seemed to heave and sway,
The church spires flamed, such spires they had,
A year ago on this very day.

—*The Patriot, Robert Browning.*

FROM "THANATOPSIS."

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.—*Bryant.*

6. INFLECTION.

Inflection is the *bending of the voice,* or, in other words, the rising and falling of the voice.

Inflection is the most intellectual agent of delivery. The combination of inflection, or change of pitch, forms the chief element in making a passage clear by bringing out its main ideas. Inflection discharges more intellectual functions than any other voice modulation.

The divisions of inflection are *rising* and *falling, monotone, minor, circumflex.*

The rising slide is negative and is used when the thought is not complete.

The falling slide is positive and is used when the thought is complete.

"Is John here?" (*Negative.*)

"John is here." (*Positive.*)

The monotone is used in expressions of awe, solemnity, suspense, grandeur, calling at a distance, when little or no inflection is needed.

Ex.: "Hush, hark! The deep tone strikes like a rising knell!"

Minor inflections are used in expressions of weakness, pity, etc.

Ex.: "Poor child! O dear! how cold I am!"

The minor inflection should be used sparingly. They are apt to be overdone in pathetic passages, and in so doing show a degree of weakness on the part of the speaker.

The circumflex inflection is used to express the opposite

meanings of what the words intend, and is used in expressions of surprise, also in irony, sarcasm, and raillery. The combination of the rising and falling slides is called the circumflex. For example: "Oh, yes, I am going" (with opposite meaning).

"How glad I am to see you!" (surprise).

"What a funny girl you are!" (raillery).

"I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon, than such a Roman!" (irony).—*Shakespeare.*

The above laws are not "cast-iron." They are simply helps to the student in practice. There are exceptions to the laws, as at times the falling inflection is used when the thought is not complete and vice versa. The great principle, "*From within-outward,*" must be kept in mind at all times in your practice; however, the laws given in this book are applied naturally in conversation.

THERE IS NO UNBELIEF.

No. 1.

There is no unbelief.
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

No. 2.

Whoever says when clouds are in the sky
Be patient heart, light breaking by and by,
Trusts to the most high.

No. 3.

Whoever sees neath winter's field of snow
The silent harvest of the future grow
God's power must know.

No. 4.

Whoever says "Tomorrow," "The Unknown,"
"The Future," trusts that one power alone
He dares disown.

No. 5.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close
And dares to live when life has only woes
God's comfort knows.

No. 6.

There is no unbelief,
And day by day, unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny,
God knoweth why.

No. 7.

Whoever lies on his couch to sleep
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep. —*Lizzie York Case.*

Practice separately and together in many keys and through as wide a range as possible without straining the voice. The delicate shades of inflection which give so many beautiful effects when used naturally, should be encouraged. Inflection must be associated with the condition of the mind. Think how you would express the thought naturally. Try to suit your voice to the thought and practice gently, until a large degree of control is gained.

Exercises

Practice the following faithfully, intelligently, following the above suggestions as closely as possible.

I have ships that went to sea
  More than fifty years ago.
None have yet come home to me,
  But keep sailing to and fro.
I have seen them, in my sleep,
Plunging through the shoreless deep,
With tattered sails and battered hulls,
While around them screamed the gulls,
  Flying low, flying low.
—*Robert Barry Coffin.*

Nearer and nearer yet they come,
  The grizzled heroes of many scars.
With call of bugle and beat of drum,
  Grim heroes from out the wars.
—*Rooney.*

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
  But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck—my Captain lies
  Fallen, cold and dead.—*Walt Whitman.*

THE BROOKLET.

The brooklet came from the mountain,
  As sang the bard of old,
Running with feet of silver
  Over the sands of gold.
Far away in the briny ocean
  There rolled a turbulent wave,
Now singing along the sea-beach,
  Now howling along the cave.

And the brooklet has found the billow,
  Though they flowed so far apart,
And has filled with its freshness and sweetness
  That turbulent, bitter heart.
—*Longfellow.*

He said to his friend, "If the British march
  By land or sea from the town tonight
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
  Of the North Church tower as a signal light.
One if by land and two if by sea
And I on the opposite shore will be
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."
—*Longfellow.*

So you beg for a story, my darlings,
  My brown-eyed Leopold,
And you, Alice, with face like morning,
  And curling locks of gold.
Then come, if you will, and listen—
  Stand close beside my knee—
To a tale of the Southern city,
  Proud Charleston by the sea.
—*M. A. P. Stansbury.*

The day is done, and the darkness
  Falls from the wings of *Night,*
As a feather is wafted downward
  From an eagle in his flight.—*Longfellow.*

The Twenty-third Psalm.

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou annointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I shall dwell in the house of my Lord forever.

Jenny and I.

Jenny and I were lovers
  Many and many a year,
Poor as I be, but Jenny gave me
  The gold of her moonlight hair;
And I said: "Too ragged a lover
  To wed with the winsome witch!"
But she bent her head, with her lips o' red,
  And kissed me and made me rich.

Jenny and I were lovers
  Yonder—in storm and fair;
But her blue-bright eyes made the summer skies,
  And her smile the spring o' the year.
Poor as a wayside beggar,
  With her tresses around me curled,
Like veins o' gold in the rugged mould,
  I was richer than all the world!

Jenny and I were lovers
With only the skies above;
And we cared not for a painted cot,
For heaven was over our love.
The brooks were our mirrors—the water wine
That sparkled by hill and glen;
Her face beamed pink when I stooped to drink,
And the water was sweeter then!

Jenny and I were lovers
Many and many a year;
But the rose was wed to her lips o' red
And the moonlight envied her hair;
And the red rose creeps where her true heart sleeps
And the moonlight falleth drear
Where Jenny and I were lovers—
Many and many a year!

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

7. ENUNCIATION.

Enunciation deals with the emission of the *vowel sounds.*

We know that breath is required to make the tone and the tone is required for the speech. Speech is divided into vowels and consonants. The vowels form the foundation sounds of the language and consist of an uninterrupted outflow of the voice. They are formed by various positions of the tongue and lips which modify, but do not obstruct the flow of sound.

The vowels have a free and open vibration. Alexander Melville Bell distinguishes three parts of the tongue: Front, middle and back. In the beginning of voice production they shape the tone passage and give rise to three classes of vowels. Each part of the tongue has a separate function of its own, and all these modify the vowels greatly.

The vowel sounds of the English language are as follows, being from that made with the highest position of the tongue in E, to that with the lowest position of the tongue, A, and the round shape of the lips in O and oo.

Exercises

In practicing the vowels learn to sustain each sound accurately a certain length of time until you are able to hold the lips and tongue steadily. As the student gains the knowledge of how to use the voice, then with a good tone, the development of speech is a simple matter from the first, but it must be *practiced faithfully.* Special at-

tention is given to the development of open, free, rich vowels. The vocal chamber must be large and free. Shape of the vowels give correctness, while largeness of the chamber is favorable to resonance, and renders our speech more pleasing. *Observe which vowel is made best and then give special attention to those that seem restricted.* Begin with the mother vowel (ah). The whole tone passage is relaxed, the tongue is passive in the mouth and the (ah) can be given with a great openness and freedom. This exercise is the basis of our exercises for speech training. O as in low, oo as in foot, a as in all, are made with rounded lips with back of tongue rising.

E as in view, a as in ask, are made with middle of tongue rising—lips in repose; u as in tune, front of tongue rising, lips round.

E as in pearl, i as in sick, a as in pat, are made with front of tongue rising, lips in repose.

The next step after the vowels have been made free and correct should be the development of delicacy, precision and definiteness in the action of the consonants. It is precision and not labor that makes good consonants. Each sound must be clear and open to stand alone. All speech consists of simple yet proper actions of these organs.

Articulation.

The term articulation will be used chiefly with reference to the execution of consonants. Exercises in articulation are to the organs of speech what physical exercises are to the muscles of the body, they give elasticity and strength. Strength of contact and quickness of release of the organs are necessary conditions of success.

***Articulation** is the correct and artistic delivery of sounds*

in syllables and words. No matter how charming or expressive the vocal delivery, you will fail in the effort to interest your audience unless they can understand what is said. The consonants are made by the different positions of the teeth, tongue and lips and palate, which for the time obstruct the flow of sound. The function of the consonant is to give precision to the enunciation. As soon as the consonant is pronounced its work is done. The tongue comes into direct contact with the roof of the mouth and then separates. The more definitely the tongue is pressed against the roof of the mouth, the quicker will be the recoil, and the better the sound is made. One of the main points in being heard is *distinctness in articulation.* This does not mean a labored or constricted utterance, but a distinct action in the delivery of every element and also the proper relations of the elements to each other. Consonants must be relaxed, free, and as quickly uttered as possible.

Distinct pronunciation of the words depends upon the *nimble use* of the tongue, teeth, lips and palate.

Exercises using the consonant sounds separately are first in order. The practice should be energetic and rapid and in time. Distinctness in articulation will result. A thorough knowledge of the position of the tongue, teeth and lips is necessary to the accurate delivery of the consonants.

Examples

B and p are made by a firm compression and recoil of the lips.

M is made by a gentle compression sending the vocal resonance through the nostrils.

W is made by slightly breathing before the oo with rounded lips as in woe or wind.

F and v are made by placing the ridge of the under lip against the edges of the upper teeth and forcing the breath over the under lip or between the teeth valve.

Th is made by pressing the tip of the tongue forcibly under and against the upper front teeth—lips slightly parted—the sound thrown out between teeth as in thine.

D is made by placing tip of tongue energetically against roof of mouth directly back of teeth.

G and k are made by back of tongue pressing against the palate or back part of roof of mouth.

L is made by raising tongue toward roof of mouth very much as in d.

Sz, zh, sh, th are made by the position of the tongue and teeth.

The above are a small number of examples.

Now comes the final consonants, the most important step in the practice. They are usually dropped or swallowed by untrained speakers.

Examples

Practice the following. Take the final sounds separately, then together:

Nd, as in sound, found, round.
Nk, as in ink, sink, sank.
Ld, as in cold, rolled, told.
Nt, as in want, don't, point.
St, as in against, call'st, drop'st.
Bl, as in double, Bible, trouble.
Lf, as in wolf, pelf, self.
Lt, as in colt, bolt, malt.
Lk, as in silk, milk, bulk.
Ms, as in chimes, limes, gleams.
Lm, as in elm, film, realm.

Ls, as in calls, balls, falls.
Bld, as in troubled, doubled, bubbl'd.
Ndst, as in learndst, scorndst, roundst.

Following these exercises practice words of many syllables and difficult combinations, as disinterestedly, incalculable, atmospherical, circumlocution, statistics, accompanist, indomitable, indissoluble, contemptuous, inextricable, illegitimate, illimitable, philanthropist.

Difficult Combinations.

If a woodchuck knew that a woodchuck could chuck wood, how much wood could a woodchuck chuck, if a woodchuck would chuck wood?

The black bootblack blacked the white bootblack's boots.

Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle-sifter, in sifting a sieveful of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb; now, if Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieveful of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb, see that thou, in sifting a sieveful of unsifted thistles thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of thy thumb. Success to the successful thistle sifter.

Some shun sunshine. Do you shun sunshine?
Bring a bit of buttered brown bran bread.
Geese cackle, cattle low, crows caw, cocks crow.
Eight gray geese in a green field grazing.
Six thick thistle sticks.

"She never gives to truth and virtue that which simpleness and merit purchaseth."—*Shakespeare.*

"Wouldst not play false and yet wouldst wrongly win."—*Shakespeare.*

"When thou wast young thou girdedst thyself and walkedst whither thou wouldest."—*John,* xxi 18.

"I fancy the first Frenchman fenced furiously."

Lucy likes light literature.

A big black bug bit a big black bear.

She shells sea-shells. Shall Susan sell sea-shells?

He sawed six, long slim, sleek, slender saplings.

Swan swam over the sea. Swan swam back again. Well swam, swan.

Amidst the mists and coldest frost,
With stoutest wrists and loudest boasts,
He thrusts his fists against the post
And still insists he sees the ghosts.

8. THE BODY.

An Outline of the Physical Training and the Results Obtained.

I would call your attention to the perfecting of the body as an instrument in constant use. No one likes to work with dull, misshapen tools, and this training which we give the body makes it alert, keen, quick and responsive. Unless the body has been trained to become a ready servant of the will, it will be dumb and inarticulate as an agent of expression. The more obedient we render the muscular tissue the more we accustom it to yielding itself to the dominion of the will, the more we economize time and force. This system of physical training is based upon the Delsarte System and is superior to any other system of physical culture, because it is the only one which does not begin with an increase of nervous tension. In many cases self-consciousness is nerve tension, and we need practice in plastic, lithe, supple and elastic motions to overcome this. A perfectly poised person is the one whose trunk, head, and limbs form a perfectly straight line. The notch in the collar bone should be directly over the ball of the foot on which the weight of the foot rests. We must be taught to let go of ourselves, to surrender the individual to the universal. The system begins with a series of relaxing exercises which teach us to release each muscle from the control of the will and give it absolute rest. It teaches us to require each muscle to relax and to attend to its own affairs until the mind summons it into

action. The object of these exercises is to render flexible every muscle and part of the body (by taking the will away, we relax). "Self-possession implies self-surrender as well as self-assurance and control."

Having freed the body from stiffness and angularity and at the same time freeing the muscles, we begin the energizing motions which give strength of body with freedom of movement. It is equilibrium that we are really aiming to gain. Our system of physical culture takes into account the harmonic development of the whole physical being and provides for grace of body as well as muscular strength.

Every action of the body has a definite meaning and when we have controlled them we express ourselves naturally. The practice of exercises in pantomimic expression gives us that repose and freedom that always comes with the knowledge of our resources and our command over them.

Pantomime.

Actions speak louder than words. Each part of the body has a certain function in expression, and in every expression of thought and feeling there are simultaneous manifestations of face and body which blend in unity. Pantomime is the language of the body. It is the outward manifestation of thoughts and feelings. Action expresses the real man. Speech reveals his opinions and emotions, while action reveals character. Action is the most direct and complete expression of life. "We cannot afford to be ugly in looks or awkward in motion. The real beauty of the face is in its expression. The real grace of motion is in its simplicity and naturalness. Perfect grace is rarely seen except in the careless movements of the child. We

are actors, and the question for us is not, "Shall we act?" but "How shall we act?"

"Sensation comes first in the order of human experience. The instant that a painful sensation is felt it shows itself first in the face of the child and the next instant in its wailing voice, and this is but a prelude to the whole of life's action. We smile before we laugh. We start with fear before we cry out. We look, then we point, and then we speak. The lines of the face relax, the eyes soften and then we offer the kiss or tender word. The mouth becomes set and eyes glare, then follows the blow and the oath. The body is the outward manifestation of the soul and faithfully indicates every emotion, however slight. Manner is the unconscious revelator of character. "It is the soul's handwriting upon the walls of flesh."

Pantomimic expression affects the mind just as the mind affects the body. If you remain for a time in a careless, lazy attitude, you will feel in a degree a corresponding mental condition, while a buoyant, strong attitude will often act as a tonic to both mind and body.

Poise.

Special attention should be given to the poise and attitude of the body as a whole. The body is made so that the balance is most exquisite and when we once find the poise given us by nature we can keep the power of rhythmic motion which is really ours.

The perfect co-ordination of the muscles causes so quick and true a response of the body to the mind as to bring us not only to a clear appreciation of the wonderful mechanism, but also to enable us to forget it entirely. All people act very much alike under the same circumstances, or

when influenced by the same emotions. In a general way the little child, the invalid, the aged person, habitually stand in the same attitude with the feet some little distance apart and squarely upon the ground. It indicates conscious weakness. The strong person rests the weight upon one foot with the other free to move careless and without special thought. This corresponds to pause in vocal expression. Pantomime precedes speech, but it also supports speech because it endures longer than speech. Study the language of the whole body.

It is very important that the whole body should expand and express itself in attitudes before there is much motion; however, when motion comes naturally, it should not be suppressed. When the imagination of the students is awakened and they are led to express their own thoughts and feelings, when they can give expression to good poetry, they will begin to use gestures.

The Walk.

There are many defects in the walk; some sway from side to side, others bend the torso forward. The walk is nothing more than a series of poises; it follows therefore that if the poise is correct, the walk will be so, and if the poise is vicious, the same will be true of the walk. In the perfect walk the torso should be perfectly erect and immovable, always in a state of repose and should have the appearance of gliding through the air; I should have said gliding through space, upheld by universal force. All actions of the body should be confined to the limbs, which should move and support the torso like the wheels of an engine.

Action.

Action will come simultaneously with the awakening of dramatic instinct because it is the *chief dramatic language.* Absence of action is often due to self-consciousness. When that is removed and the mind is awakened, the voice and body brought into natural co-ordination, one of the first effects will be the greater expressive action of the whole body. Speak with the whole being. Emphasize the fundamental conditions of good tone because true action is a primary condition of tone. Combining action and tone is an advanced step for the voice which all should practice.

Speak upon an important subject, memorize an oration, recite some familiar favorite poem and let your whole being show by natural signs the extent of your feeling.

Examples

Hurrah! off again, dashing on as in ire,
Till the long, flinty pathway is flashing with fire!
Ho! a ditch—shall we pause? No, the bold leap we'll dare;
Like a swift winged arrow we rush through the air,
Oh, not all the pleasures that poets may praise,
Not the wildering waltz in the ballroom's blaze,
Nor the chivalrous joust, nor the daring race,
Nor the swift regatta, nor the merry chase,
Nor the sail high heaving waters o'er,
Nor the rural dance on the moonlight shore,
Can the wild and thrilling joy exceed
Of a fearless leap on a fiery steed!

—*Horseback Ride, Grace Greenwood.*

A New Year's Resolve.

As the dead year is clasped by a dead December,
So let your dead sins with your dead days lie.
A new life is yours and a new hope! Remember,
We build our ladders to climb to the sky.
Stand out in the promise of sunlight, forgetting
Whatever your past held of sorrow or wrong;
We waste half our strength in a useless regretting,
We sit by old tombs in the dark too long.
Have you missed in your aim? Well, the mark is still shining.
Did you faint in the race? Well, take breath for the next.
Did the clouds drive you back? But, see yonder their lining.
Were you tempted and fell? Let it serve for a text.
As each year hurries by let it join that procession
Of skeleton shapes that march down to the past,
While you take your place in the line of progression,
With your eyes on the heavens, your face to the blast.
I tell you the future can hold no terrors
For any sad soul while the stars revolve,
If he will but stand firm on the grave of his errors,
And instead of regretting, resolve, resolve!
It is never too late to begin rebuilding.
Though all into ruins your life seems hurled;
For look! how the light of the New Year is gilding
The worn, wan face of the bruised, old world.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Real Patriotism.

To be loyal to the principles of sound government; to be faithful to the demands of citizenship; to be honest in

the discharge of social obligations; to be clean and pure and true—that is patriotism. Teach that to every scholar from the kindergarten to the school of philosophy. Out from the schoolroom it will make its way up and down the land. The millionaire will learn it and will administer his wealth as a patriot. The statesman will learn it, and will discharge his office as a patriot. The plowman will learn it, and will turn his furrow as a patriot. Fatherhood will learn it, and will count it joy to be proved worthy of so holy a task. Motherhood will learn it, and will teach the lips that lisp their evening prayer to frame the name of their country, making of their country and themselves a daily offering to God. So the boyhood and the girlhood of today, which your work is preparing for the larger tasks of tomorrow, will offer to the world the manhood and the womanhood that makes the strength of nations and furnishes the largest guarantee that our faith in our institutions is not misplaced.—*B. L. Whitman, D. D.*

9. PITCH—MOVEMENT AND VOLUME.

The principle, "*From within outward,*" is the only rule that can govern the length and direction of pitch. Impressions must precede expression. The change of pitch and other vocal modulations show that the impression brings the expression. All unconstrained feelings manifest themselves by high pitch or more or less rapid movements. Serious, dignified passages call for low pitch and slow movement. In unemotional reading we have medium pitch and rate as in ordinary conversation. In excitement the movement is usually abrupt with many pauses. Mere hurry will not express excitement. The following expresses two forms of excitement.

In the first the changes are abrupt and the movement rapid. In the last the movement is slow and the changes are suggestive of the depth of feeling that portrays the thought. Emphasize the lines by slow movement which will give them weight value of the passage. Pause and tone color are needed to express their intensity. Contrast the following:

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolt undrew,
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through.
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.
Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace—
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

—*Robert Browning*

O Captain! My Captain!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Hear Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead. —*Walt Whitman.*

You will see the vast difference and the necessity of rhythm necessary to express this contrast.

Inflection and change of pitch should always go together. The range of voice is gained by practice in inflection and change of pitch.

Pause and change of pitch are closely related. The pause causes the change of pitch, as pause shows the mind creating its ideas. So the change of pitch reveals the result, just as the mind creating a thought, will the voice indicate the mental change by difference in pitch. The pause is due to the endeavor of the mind to conceive more truly, to realize more fully the weight or relations of the ideas.

Example.

To a Skylark.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!—bird thou never wert,—that from heaven, or near it, pourest thy full heart in profuse strains of unpremeditated art. Higher, still, and higher, from the earth thou springest like a cloud of fire; the blue deep thou wingest, and singing still dost soar, and soaring, ever singest. In the golden lightening of the sunken sun, o'er which clouds are brightening, thou dost float and run, like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun. The pale purple even melts around thy flight; like a star of heaven in the broad daylight, thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight. Keen as are the arrows

of that silver sphere, whose intense lamp narrows in the white dawn clear until we hardly see, we feel that it is there. All the earth and air with thy voice is loud, as when night is bare, from one lonely cloud the moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not; what is most like thee? From rainbow clouds there flow not drops so bright to see, as from thy presence showers a rain of melody. Like a poet hidden in the light of thought, singing hymns unbidden till the world is wrought to sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not. Like a highborn maiden in a palace tower, soothing her love-laden soul in secret hour with music—sweet as love, which overflows her bower. Like a glow-worm golden in a dell of dew, scattering unbeholden its aerial hue among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view. Like a rose embowered in its own green leaves, by warm winds deflowered, till the scent it gives makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves. Sound of vernal showers on the twinkling grass, rain-awaken flowers, all that ever was joyous and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.—*Shelley.*

The Brook.

I come from haunts of coot and hern, I make a sudden sally and sparkle out among the fern, to bicker down a valley. By thirty hills I hurry down, or slip between the ridges; by twenty thorps, a little town, and half a hundred bridges . . . I chatter over stony ways, in little sharps and trebles, I bubble into eddying bays, I babble on the pebbles. With many a curve my banks I fret, by many a field and fallow, and many a fairy foreland set with willow-weed and mallow. I chatter, chatter, as I flow to join

the brimming river; for men may come and men may go, but I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out, with here a blossom sailing, and here and there a lusty trout, and here and there a grayling. And here and there a foamy flake upon me, as I travel, with many a silvery water-break above the golden gravel, and draw them all along, and flow to join the brimming river, for men may come and men may go, but I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots, I slide by hazel covers; I move the sweet forget-me-nots that grow for happy lovers. I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance, among my skimming swallows. I murmur under moon and stars in brambly wildernesses, I linger by my shingly bars, I loiter round my cresses. And out again I curve and flow to join the brimming river; for men may come and men may go, but I go on forever.—*Tennyson.*

Break, break, break,
  On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
  The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy,
  That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh, well for the sailor lad,
  That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
  To their haven under the hill;
But Oh! for the touch of the vanished hand,
  And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Tennyson.

In regard to the volume and loudness of the voice, the ordinary speaking voice is usually sufficient. In forms of unconstrained anger, calling at a distance, shouting and cheering, the volume is very great; even then do not try to stun your audience. In speaking in a large hall it is necessary to allow time for the voice to reach every person in the audience, therefore we should speak more slowly than in a small room. Do not speak in a measured or stilted manner, but keep the same proportion between the words as in ordinary conversation. Talk to the part of the audience that is farthest from you. In this way you will learn to project the tone. Avoid diminishing the volume of the voice after the emphatic word. This shows a weakness on the part of the speaker. Keep up the interest in your reading until the end. In all vital emotions there will be a gradual increase of volume until the emphatic word is reached which will correspond to the crescendo in music. The secret of natural delivery is the ability to express what you feel and to feel what you express. Our emotions may be cultivated and controlled just as the intellectual powers are developed. In learning to control the emotions, we develop self-mastery. The tones, or relaxed state of the body, and especially of the larynx, have much to do with emotional expression. Compare the following:

Noble, kindly, beautiful, gentle, contemptible, awful, terrible, etc.

Rhythm.

Rhythm is said to be the "harmonious variety of movement." The responsiveness of the voice in variety of pitch, quality and power, produces rhythm. In other words, the different forms of emphasis and inflection when naturally used brings the variety of movement and harmony. The development of rhythm furnishes the element of beauty not only to readings but conversation. Rhythm is associated with time in music.

"Bird of the Wilderness, blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea.
Emblem of happiness, sweet be thy dwelling place,
O to abide in the desert with thee."

—*James Hogg, The Skylark.*

Practice the above, noting the words held longer than others, the changes of pitch and the melody of the voice in the expression. Rhythm in speech is more varied and changeable than musical rhythm; however, the elements are essentially the same.

The relative value of words, phrases and sentences are shown quite as plainly by their rhythmical proportions as by the changes of pitch. The practice of beautiful poems with a musical tendency will bring the desired results. Important sentences and paragraphs, of course, will have slower movement than less important passages.

When the expression is of a vehement or wildly excitable nature, the movement is rapid and the emphasis more pronounced. Rhythm varies with the thought and is rapidly changing.

Examples.

Merrily swinging on briar and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame;
Over the mountain-side or mead
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name.
—*Wm. Cullen Bryant.*

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes—dying, dying, dying!
—*Tennyson.*

The horsemen dash'd among the rout,
As deer break through the broom;
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
They soon make lightsome room.
Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne—
Where, where was Roderick then!
One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men.
And refluent through the pass of fear
The battle's tide was pour'd;
Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,
Vanished the mountain-sword.
As Bracklin's chasm, so black and steep,
Receives her roaring linn,
As the dark caverns of the deep
Suck the wild whirlpool in,

So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle's mingled mass:
None linger now upon the plain,
Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

—*Grey's Elegy.*

10. DESCRIPTIVE EXPRESSION.

Descriptive expression belongs to both vocal and pantomimic delivery. The voice reveals the conditions of the mind. Gestures assist in the expression of emotions and in bringing out imaginative pictures with more vividness.

Be careful not to use too much pantomimic work in emotional passages. Descriptive action of all kinds must not be overdone. Broad description is allowable only in comedy. In all serious, sublime passages, suggest rather than imitate. In genuine artistic reading the suggestions are the more delicate.

Cultivate your imagination until you can see clearly everything you wish to portray, not only the scenes in your story, but every detail as if you actually knew and had seen each one.

Have a definite place for everthing in your scene. Do not change positions of your characters unless you indicate a change. If a definite object is stationed at a certain point to the right one minute, do not change it to the left the next.

In descriptive recitation or address keep the attention directed toward the audience, glance at the objects and look back to your audience, sustaining the gesture, if one is used, until you complete the description. Gestures used in this way are subject to the same laws as attitudes.

Locate your objects or persons at an angle about thirty to forty-five degrees to the right or left, rather than too much to the side or to the front.

Be careful not to overdo in voice or action. When you

do, the attention of the audience will be called *to you instead of the matter you are giving them and you have failed in your purpose.*

Examples.

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

Our camp-fires shone bright on the mountain
That frowned on the river below,
As we stood by our guns in the morning,
And eagerly watched for the foe;
When a rider came out of the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted, "Boys, up and be ready!
For Sherman will march to the sea!"

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men;
For we knew that the stars in our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from Northland would greet us,
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then, forward, boys! forward to battle!
We marched on our wearisome way,
We stormed the wild hills of Resaca—
God bless those who fell on that day!
Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free;
But the East and the West bore our standard
And Sherman marched on to the sea.

Still onward we pressed, till our banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the traitor flag falls;
We pause not to weep for the fallen
Who slept by each river and sea,
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel,
As Sherman marched down to the sea.

Oh, proud was our army that morning,
That stood where the pine darkly towers,
When Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary,
But today fair Savannah is ours!"
Then sang we the song of our chieftain,
That echoed o'er river and lea,
And the stars in our banner shone brighter,
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

—*Samuel H. M. Byers.*

Enoch Arden at the Window.

Then he, though Miriam Lane had told him all, because things seen are mightier than things heard, stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd to send abroad a shrill and terrible cry, which in one moment, like the blast of doom, would shatter all the happiness of the hearth. He therefore turning softly like a thief, lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot, and feeling all along the garden-wall, lest he should swoon and tumble and be found, crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed, as lightly as a sick man's chamber-door, behind him, and came out upon the waste. And there he would have knelt, but that his knees were feeble, so that falling prone he dug his fingers into the wet earth and pray'd. "Too hard to bear! why did they take

me thence? O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou that didst uphold me on my lonely isle, uphold me, Father, in my loneliness a little longer! aid me, give me strength not to tell her, never to let her know. Help me not to break in upon her peace. My children too! must I not speak to these? They know me not. I should betray myself. Never, no father's kiss for me—the girl so like her mother, and the boy, my son."

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little, and he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced back toward his solitary home again, all down the long and narrow street he went beating it in upon his weary brain, as though it were the burden of a song, "Not to tell her, never to let her know."—*Tennyson.*

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
—Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field!
Five have I slain today instead of him.
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
—*King Richard III., Shakespeare.*

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell
Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more.
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! It is—it is the cannon's opening roar!
—*Byron.*

11. DRAMATIC EXPRESSION.

Whenever we have occasion to speak in the character of another, to present the emotions of another or even to express feeling ourselves, our expression may be called dramatic. *Any expression of human feelings or actions constitute dramatic expression.*

In reading scenes from plays one takes the character of each person, suggesting, not imitating, the different persons. In any kind of dramatic literature, when several individuals take part, each impersonates the character to be presented, that is, the character of another is assumed. No rules can be laid down for this work. The study of the bearings and attitudes suitable to the various characters is also menta discipline, as it not only cultivates the analytic powers of the student, but his powers of observation.

In impersonating more than one character, make each individual stand out clear and distinct. This is done most effectively by representing the several participants as occupying, each in his turn, a given position relative to the others. If you speak the first lines of one of the characters facing slightly to one side of the platform, come back to that position when that character again speaks. Do not resume your own personality between speeches. Pass directly from one character to another, otherwise your audience will be reminded that it is only you. To be a successful impersonator implies making the audience forget the artist in his impersonations. *"Be true to the characters in thy keeping."*

The dramatic artist or impersonator is he who becomes

one with his part and whose individuality is completely lost in the personality of the character he creates. *"The art of acting is the expression of organic unity of body and mind in delineation of character."—Stebbins.*

In attempting to portray a character it is always best to study from life a similar type. Then try to live the part. Do what you imagine your model would do. Lay your own individuality aside and for the time be the character you wish to impersonate. Persevere in this conscientiously and you will find ere long that you can make many different characters *"yours,"* and at the same time you have gained an insight into human nature that will be of great benefit to you in your work.

Emotion.

Emotion is the working of the inner man. Excitement of any kind causes an overflow of nerve force from the brain. The student must study to gain control of his emotions. When control is gained, expression will be natural. Emotional expression is hard to explain. The feelings of the inner man bring the expression of the outer man. In other words, *"we feel what we express and express what we feel."*

The emotion must grow out of the idea, otherwise it cannot live. Emotions grow—develop—reach their summit and then subside, and make specific the idea. Delivery that brings the ideas clearly and definitely before the mind of the listener is real and shows what the imagination can do.

Secure the right actions mentally, then the body responds.

One great fault in emotional expression is *too much* bodily action. Bodily action or pantomime always precedes

speech, and the degree of energy modifies all true expression. Remember that all expansive emotions, such as animation, joy, etc., expand and uplift the body. Pain and anguish contract the body. Active antagonism draws us forward, while suppressed passion and passive conditions draw us backward.

The training in Expression develops the culture that enables the actor to be original in his work and creative in his impersonations.

Not only is a knowledge of the laws of expression necessary to the proper interpretation of thought and feeling, but a complete mastery of the laws is essential until the whole being responds in a perfectly natural way. Emotion, which is the *"life of the feeling,"* must be expressed before the meaning is made clear.

The order of the development of the emotions:

Emotion. 1. Impression received.
2. Sensation.
3. Expression which includes voice, pose and gesture, or in other words, *action.*

Earnestness is the prime factor in success.

Examples.

SCENE FROM THE "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

Sir Peter. LADY TEAZLE, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

Lady Teazle. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and what's more, I will, too. What though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir Peter. Very well, ma'am, very well; so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady Teazle. Authority! No, to be sure; if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me; I am sure you were old enough.

Sir Peter. Old enough!—ay—there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

Lady Teazle. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant that a woman ought to be.

Sir Peter. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse.

Lady Teazle. Lud, Sir Peter, am I to blame, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

Sir Peter. Zounds! madam—if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady Teazle. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir Peter. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambor, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side; your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung around with fruits in worsted of your own working.

Lady Teazle. Oh yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led—my daily occupation to inspect the dairy,

superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my Aunt Deborah's lap dog.

Sir Peter. Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

Lady Teazle. And then, you know, my evening amusements—to draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a novel to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinnet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

Sir Peter. I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach—*vis a vis*—and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler on a docked coach-horse.

Lady Teazle. No—I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir Peter. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I mave made you my wife.

Lady Teazle. Well, then! and there is but one thing more you can make me add to the obligation, and that is——

Sir Peter. My widow, I suppose?

Lady Teazle. Hem! hem!

Sir Peter. I thank you, madam; but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady Teazle. Then why will you endeavor to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

Sir Peter. 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady Teazle. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir Peter. The fashion, indeed! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady Teazle. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir Peter. Ay; there again—taste. Zounds; madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady Teazle. That's very true indeed, Sir Peter; and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's?

Sir Peter. Ay, there's another precious circumstance—a charming set of acquaintance you have made there.

Lady Teazle. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir Peter. Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves!—Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

Lady Teazle. What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir Peter. Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady Teazle. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

Sir Peter. Grace, indeed!

Lady Teazle. But I vow I bear no malice against the

people I abuse. When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good humor; and I take it for granted, they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

Sir Peter. Well, well, I'll call in just to look after my own character.

Lady Teazle. Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So, good-by to you.

[*Exit* Lady Teazle.

Sir Peter. So—I have gained much by my intended expostulation: yet, with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is a great satisfaction in quarreling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage, as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me. [*Exit.*

12. ORATORICAL EXPRESSION.

Public Speaking.

Oratory is "conversation raised to its highest pitch," or, in other words, it is "elevated talk." When, through the cultivation of the voice, natural melody is gained, and when the ear is trained to appreciate *natural melody* such as is heard in ordinary conversation of good speakers, the student is ready to practice intelligently. The same intonations used in reading or conversation should be carried into this style of address. "An oration is a composition intended for delivery before a large audience and must reach to the farthest listener.

The most effective speakers speak well in their daily conversation. In this way they have constant practice and training in the art of expression. Keep always in your consciousness that you must speak in a clear, distinct, gracious manner. After a time the habit will be formed and these qualities will be natural to you whenever you speak. Aim to please and interest, to win every one with whom you speak and if you are really in earnest in your mental habits, this quality will reflect itself in your speech and people will believe in you. *"Cultivate brevity."*

The secret of persuasive speaking is to be found in one word—earnestness. Cultivate a sincere belief in your subject and this can be developed only through the most thorough study and investigation. Your hearers must be moved to action, that is the final test of oratory. To move the

feelings of others you must be moved yourself. If you impress yourself first, you will impress others. Emotion is not artificial, it cannot be assumed. It must emanate from the heart, the inner self. Back of your feelings and earnestness there must be certain *well defined convictions.*

Correct diction, a large vocabulary, a cultured voice must be a part of you, but the soul of persuasive oratory lies in *emotion* and this depends in a large degree upon physical and mental vigor. The earnestness put into *daily study* will reflect in your speech.

Find the words that fits your thought. Be brief. Too many words will often entirely obscure the thought. Use simple words and a clear simple earnest delivery. Read everything you can find on your subject. Get the understanding of it, then write it out plainly. Suit yourself to your audience. Use words they can understand.

Time must be given for these words to carry. Articulate with the greatest distinctness and be careful to deliver the *final consonants* with precision.

Delicate shades of inflection are not necessary in delivering an oration. The delivery of the speaker should be bright, full of life, as well as impressive. There is no need for the speaker to talk *loud or shout.* If he will speak slowly, distinctly, using a clear, round voice, there will be little trouble in being heard. Middle tones carry farther than low tones. To gain a conversational tone in oratory, deliver the passage first as you would in conversation, then enlarge upon it, keeping as near as possible to the colloquial form. Talk directly to your hearers, try to impress the truth in as convincing a way as possible, using the same natural tones as you would use in an impressive talk to your friends.

Read the best literature, copy daily a few lines of some

great masterpiece, form the habit of thinking in the best language. Your thoughts, your aspirations, in short what you are, will make up your style as a speaker.

Word painting, which results from a well-trained voice, is a very valuable gift of the public speaker. It stimulates the imagination of the hearers making the thoughts and pictures to live. "Our thoughts make us."

Clearness, force and elegance of speaking is always in proportion to the clearness and fullness of the thought. Think the thought and feel the emotion at the instant of delivery.

"Give life and spirit to the whole," likened to the final touch of color to the climax of a painting of a beautiful landscape.

Your Subject.

Be sure that you *know your subject;* stick to it, and when you are through, stop. Learn to *think* on *your* feet. Say nothing about yourself, not even in the introduction.

There is a reason for every speech; certain points to be made, therefore speak in a convincing manner, trying to make your hearers feel the truths that you feel. Hold closely to the *order of the thoughts* to be conveyed. *Think your* thoughts until you feel them.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale makes the following suggestions:

"Study carefully what you have to say, and put into words, in writing or by speaking aloud to an imaginary person.

"Say nothing about yourself.

"Arrange your points in order.

"Stick to your order.

"Divide your time among your points according to their importance.

"Give each point the time you have appointed for it.

"Stop when you are through."

Dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery.

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or to detract. The world will very little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave their last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

There is a noble way of carving a man, and a mean one; and there is a noble way of carving a beetle, and a mean one; and a great sculptor carves his scarabaeus grandly, as he carved his king, while a mean sculptor makes vermin of both. And it is a sorrowful truth, yet a sublime one, that this greatness of treatment cannot be taught by talking about it. No, nor even by enforced imitative practice of it. Men treat their subjects nobly only when they themselves become noble; not till then. And that elevation of their own nature is assuredly not to be effected by a course of drawing from models, however well chosen, or of listening to lectures, however well intended.—*Ruskin.*

"A man . . . is born to expend every particle of strength that God Almighty has given him, in doing the work he finds he is fit for—to stand it out to the last breath of life, and do his best. We are called upon to do that; and the reward we all get—which we are perfectly sure of if we have merited it—is that we have got the work done, or, at least, that we have tried to do the work; for that is a great blessing in itself; and I should say there is not very much more reward than that going in this world."—*Carlyle.*

Brutus on the Death of Caesar.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom: and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly—any dear friend of Caesar's—to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was not less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome

more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all freemen? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor and death for his ambition.

Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

None? Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offenses enforced for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying—a place in the commonwealth—as which of you shall not? With this I depart. That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.—*Shakespeare.*

13. THE BODY (Continued)

Attitudes.

The student should have at his command a wide range of attitudes and a definite knowledge of the meaning of each one. Every action of the body has a meaning all its own.

The following are a few of the fundamental attitudes:

All forms of strong animation, joy, pride, eagerness, and all expansive feelings call for attitudes in which the weight is upon the advanced foot; chest is also expanded. According to the degree of feeling will be the strength of the position.

Repose, indifference, concentration, defiance, repulsion, fear, etc., require the opposite attitudes; the weight upon the retired foot.

In defiance the chest expands as if to resist a blow. In terror the chest sinks and shoulders rise as if to shield the head.

The attitudes of the head correspond to the attitudes of the body. In concentration, respect, submission, the head is bowed. In joy, animation, pride, etc., the head is lifted. The head is advanced in eagerness, curiosity, threatening, anger. The head is drawn back in surprise, suspense, and harsh moods of the mind. The head is hung in shame, anguish, or bodily weakness. The hang of the head differs from the bow, as all the muscles of the neck relax and the head drops lifelessly forward. The head thrown back indicates prostration and agony of mind. These are only a few of the fundamental attitudes. Attitudes express the

deeper conditions or emotions. The attitude lasts as long as the emotion that causes it lasts. A gesture or action may be made emphatic by being held into an attitude. As a rule gestures are momentary. When the thought requires them to be held they become an attitude. Attitude or positions disappear when the emotion that prompts them undergoes a change.

Bearings are permanent habits of the body and in a great degree show the disposition of the person.

The Eye.

The eye is the leader of all expression. If we wish to direct attention toward anything we must first look at it ourselves. If we feel emotion of any sort it is first shown in the eye. The eye in its normal condition we call the direct eye. Looking straight forward the eye indicates calmness and confidence. The eye lifted indicates regard to something superior to ourselves. Looking downward indicates regard of an inferior. The eye opens wider through the following: Animation, attention, surprise, fear, frenzy. The eye contracts through indifference, silence, secrecy, animosity, sleep or death. In surprise and extreme terror the eyebrows rise. In threatening anger, physical pain, puzzled thought or in application the eyebrows contract. They also rise in surprise, patient endurance and suffering.

The Indirect Eye.

Directing the eye more or less sideways, like the circumflex inflections of the voice, gives a double meaning. With the indirect eye we look at objects with suspicion, fear, affection, indifference and raillery, and many other emotions according, of course, to the attitudes of the head. The atti-

tudes of the head must be carefully studied before we have certainty in the meaning of a glance. The indirect eye may be normal, lifted or lowered, as well as the direct eye, and the attitudes of the head also combine with and modify the meaning of the direct eye in many instances. Example:

> Hear the loud alarm bells, brazen bells,
> What a tale of terror their turbulency tells,
> In the startled ear of night,
> How they scream out their affright.
>
> —*Edgar Allen Poe.*

Gestures.

As you have learned from the previous chapter that when the body, through the training received from the study of a systematic practice in physical training and the work in pantomime, gestures will come naturally. However, until perfect control is gained the student should be guided in the proper use of gestures at the proper time, then when there is genuine feeling, gestures as well as attitudes will take care of themselves. To take up the study of these gestures in detail, I will not attempt. We have a great number of expressive arm and hand movements, but a few examples will be sufficient to direct the pupil until he has perfect command of all these agents of expression. The proper order of movement is first, upper arm, forearm, finally the hand and fingers, and remember to always finish the gesture and sustain it until the idea that prompts the action is superseded by another idea. A gesture is also a strong form of emphasis, if correctly used.

These actions vary, of course, according to the emotion prompting them. When you are through with the gestures allow the arm to unfold according to the order of movement

and fall in a relaxed position. Full arm gestures are appropriate only when there is a great earnestness, strong feeling or when addressing a large audience.

Indication With Opposition of the Head and Arm—Order of Movement.

First, the eye and head turn toward the object, then as the arm begins to rise to its position, or "develop," as we sometimes say, the head and eyes return to their original position, or, if we are addressing a particular individual, until the gaze is fixed upon him. The arm is fully developed just as the eye and hand finish their return movement, so that both come to rest at the same time. If we wish to be sure that the person whom we address in indication sees the object indicated, we look back from it to him, still pointing toward the object.

Indication (palm up).

1. Raise the upper arm, letting the rest of the arm hang lifeless until the elbow points in the direction of the object.
2. Straighten the forearm, at the same time turning it at the elbow so that the hand, which still remains passive, is moved edgewise until the wrist is "from earth," bringing the palm up.
3. Straighten out the hand with the forefinger pointing, like, "Look at that picture."

This same gesture, with the exception of the index finger in prominence, is used in declaration, affirmation, assertion, appeal, with various modifications.

Indication (Palm Down)

This is a more active expression than the former one. In pointing out objects at a great distance, or where there is

great earnestness, excitement or command, we use this form of indication; the other is more easy and trustful.

The order of action is as before, but with the outer edge of the hand leading instead of the inner, "Go!" "Who is it leans from the belfry with face upturned to the sky?"

Rejection.

The hand extended "toward the earth" and moved sideways outward, as if to push something away with the outer edge of the hand, means rejection, denial, negation. Declaration with surrender, the hand is "from the arm" with the downward direction.

In all gestures made with one hand only, except the very lightest, there is a tendency in the less active hand to sympathize with the action of the other, either by acting in opposition, or by taking an attitude expressive of the emotion that prompts the gesture. This action of the weak hand is called the supporting gesture. The supporting action will be strong in proportion to the strength of the principal gesture.

Law: *"Parallel movements should be successive, opposing movements should be simultaneous."* This law applies to the whole body. When we draw back as in fear, the hand and arm go toward the object; when the hand is drawn back the body advances. If there is parallel action, as in greeting a friend, the body and arm both advancing, be careful that the movements are always successive, the body first, the arm succeeding. The above are but a few simple laws that will help the student in this branch of the work. By faithful systematic practice the body will become the

willing servant of the mind and the actions of the body will respond naturally.

The Hand.

The normal attitude of the hand is that which it assumes when in repose. The hand expands gently in affectionate expressions. It opens wide in astonishment, admonition, fear and repulsion.

The fingers contract in hatred and jealousy. The hand is clenched firmly in concentration of mind or passion, and in great anger. The fingers work spasmodically in trying to suppress strong passions that tend to overpower the will.

Examples.

"Joy! joy!" she cried; "my task is done—
The gates are past, and heaven is won!"—*Moore.*

A moment there was awful pause—
When Berkeley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease;
God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours."—*T. B. Read.*

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul, as the swift seasons roll! Leave thy low-vaulted past! Let each new temple, nobler than the last, shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast, till thou at length art free, leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!—*Holmes.*

Brutus—How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me. Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.—*Shakespeare.*

"Ye called me chief, and ye do well to call him chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast that the broad Empire of Rome could furnish, and yet never has lowered his arms. And if there be one among you who can say that, ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him step forth and say it. If there be three in all your throng dare face me on the bloody sand, let them step forth!"—*Kellogg.*

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge, and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.

Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of a sail,
And not a rent made by the gale;
In spite of rock and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,

Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

14. GENERAL NOTES.

One of the greatest secrets of success in this great art is gained by those who carry earnestness and animation into their work.

The most simple extract or poem read with these two essential points in the foreground, will reach an audience and touch them, even though the delivery is not wholly artistic. The *earnest delivery* is the *sincere delivery,* and in oratory and public speaking it is of vital importance. The earnest man says what he means and means what he says. *Earnestness* of thought produces *naturalness* and power.

The outward manifestations of the voice and body will reflect truth if the soul is sincere.

"Sincerity is the first quality of men in any way heroic."—*Carlyle.*

Every thought of the mind must be clear and filled with life.

From life comes the word animation. "Anima," from the Latin, which means life.

All animation and power depend upon:

(1) The concentration of the mind in developing the thought;

(2) The intensity or vigor by which the thought is delivered.

When this is accomplished, all the faculties and powers of the mind will be brought into harmonious action.

Word painting is one of the most valuable gifts of the reader or public speaker. It stimulates the imagination of the hearers, making the pictures to live.

Points to Remember.

A gesture may be made emphatic by being held into an attitude, thereby expressing depth and intensity of feeling.

Action or gesture must obey the law from "within outward," and cannot be brought about by laying down rules.

The sympathetic expansion of the body should be awakened first; there must be no forced motion.

The body must be harmoniously expanded by thought and feeling before the tone can be right.

In descriptive reading or oratory, gestures should be reserved for that which the words cannot fully express.

The voice must be trained so that it fully responds to the mind before the vocal expression is natural.

Tone color has been called the "Language of imagination and feeling."

The Artist.

The artist is one who has full and free knowledge, possession and control of himself. This is gained by a complete study of the laws of expression, and full and free response to them.

The mind must be cultivated, if the best results are obtained. The greatness of the artist will depend upon the enrichment of his mentality, resulting from the development of a higher plane of thinking, the interpretation of great literature, which will develop nobility of character and a strong and attractive personality.

Acting is a fine art.

The real actor becomes one with his part. His originality is wholly lost in the personality of the character he portrays.

The study of expression enables him to be original in his work and typical and representative in his delineation of character. His art is to express in well-known symbols what the individual may be supposed to feel.

"Acting is an art that results from earnest application of mental forces to physical representations and effects."

Feeling must be governed by reason.

The order of the development of emotion is, first, impression or the thought received; sensation or the awakening of the *inner man.* Expression, or the full, free response of the voice and body.

15. QUOTATIONS.

"To every man there come noble thoughts, that pass across his heart like great white birds. These things must be habitual with us; we must learn to live in a beauty, and earnestness, that shall have become a part of ourselves."

—*Maurice Maeterlinck.*

"There are two kinds of artists in this world; those tha work because the spirit is in them, and they cannot be silent if they would, and those that speak from a conscientious desire to make apparent to others the beauty that has awakened their own admiration."—*Anna K. Green.*

"Character—that is a thing apart. The character determines the morality of action, but only the intellect determines the skill of action."—*Wendell Phillips.*

Ideals—"Ideals are like stars. You will not succeed in touching them with your hand, but, like the seafaring men on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and following them you reach your destiny."—*Carl Schurz.*

Emotion—"When an impression strikes the senses, the heart suddenly begins to beat more rapidly, the respiration is accelerated, and all the functions of nutrition are, as it were, touched up with a whip. This instantaneous physiological flutter is what really constitutes an emotion."—*Jules Payot.*

"It is necessary, therefore, if we would weld an idea solidly and indestructibly to a desired action, that we should fuse them together by the heat of an emotion. It is possible for them in this way to become irrevocably united. What else is education but the bringing into play of powerful feelings to create habits of thought and action?"—*Ibid.*

"We are master of our thoughts; we can pull up the weeds and can even destroy that portion of the ground that bore them."—*Ibid.*

"It is not what a man gets, but what a man is, that he should think of. He should first think of his character and then his condition. He that has character need have no fear of his condition. Character will draw condition after it."—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Let every dawn of morning be to you the beginning of life and every setting sun be to you its close. Then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others. Some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves.—*John Ruskin.*

Success treads on the heels of every right effort.—*Samuel Smiles.*

"All one's life is music, if one touches the notes rightly and in tune."—*Ruskin.*

"Don't be content with doing only your duty. Do more than your duty. It's the horse that finishes a neck ahead that wins the race."—*Andrew Carnegie.*

"The greatest secret of success in life is to be ready when opportunity comes."—*Benjamin Disraeli.*

"Activity is the only road to knowledge."—*George Bernard Shaw.*

"Let us work on,
Work through all barrenness, nor count the cost:
No toil is lost;
Work prophesieth triumph; on, aye, on."
—*W. J. Linton.*

"I never had a policy, I have simply tried to do what seemed best each day as each day came."—*Lincoln.*

Shakesperean Quotations.

"Be great in act as you have been in thought:
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye."—*King John.*

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."—*As You Like It.*

"Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."
—*As You Like It.*

"We cannot weigh our brothers with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints."—*M for M.*

"Charity—Charity itself fulfills the law, and you can't sever love from charity."—*L. L. L.*

"Competency—Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer."—*Merchant of Venice.*

"Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits."
—*King Herny V.*

"Screw your courage to the sticking place, and we'll not fail."—*Macbeth.*

"All difficulties are easy, when they are known."
—*M for M.*

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."—*As You Like It.*
"Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt."—*M of M.*
"Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice."—*Hamlet.*
"Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my King, He would not in mine age have left me naked to mine enemies."—*King Henry VIII.*
"The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones."
—*Julius Caesar.*
"This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet."
—*Romeo and Juliet.*
"Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers."
—*Lucrece.*
"If it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive."—*King Henry V.*
"The brave man holds honor far more precious-dear than life."—*Troi and Cress.*
"My love is deep; the more I give to thee—
The more I have, for both are infinite."—*Romeo and Juliet.*
"Defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life forever."—*M. W. of W.*
"Practice rhetoric in your common talk."—*Tam. of S.*
"A light heart lives long."—*L. L. L.*
"My heart is true as steel."—*Mid-S. N. D.*
"A goodly apple rotten at the heart."—*Mer. of V.*
"A good heart is worth gold."—*King Henry IV.*
"The honor of a maid is her name."—*All's Well.*

16. SELECTIONS FOR PRACTICE.

The Bells of Shandon.

With deep affection
And recollection,
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sound so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Wher'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee—
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand, on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine;
While at a glib rate,
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand, on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican;
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turret of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
Oh, the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand, on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

—*Francis Mahoney.*

Cheer Your Fellow-Man.

If you should see a fellow-man with trouble's flag unfurled,
An' lookin' like he didn't have a friend in all the world,
Go up an' slap him on the back, an' holler, "How d'you do?"
An' grasp his hand so warm he'll know he has a friend in you;
Then ax him what's a-hurtin' him, an' laugh his cares away,
An' tell him that the darkest night is just before the day.
Don't talk graveyard palaver, but say it right out loud;
That God will sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

—*Anon.*

Hunting Song.

Waken, lords and ladies gay!
On the mountain dawns the day,

All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay!
This mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming.
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay!
To the greenwood haste away!
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antler's frayed;
You shall see him brought to bay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay!
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman! who can balk,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk.
Think of this and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

When the Northern Bands Played Dixie.

There was something that was misty—like a tear-drop—
in my eye
When the Northern bands played Dixie as Southern troops
marched by.
Ten thousand voices cheering shook the windows of the sky,
When the Northern bands played Dixie as Southern troops
marched by!

And well-a-day, my Captain, and ne'er turn down your
hat
To hide the tear that answered a stirring tune like that!
A soldier is a soldier; but, in the light of God,
No tune has ever thrilled me like that—on Northern sod!

I've heard it on our battlefields where Lee has led the way
And the Federal guns were gleaming at breasts that wore
the gray;
It stirred the ranks of "Stonewall"—but now, from land
to land,
They cheer it when they hear it come ringing from the
band!"

It's one great country, brethren; there's not a barrier wall;
The flag our fathers fought for is streaming over all!
No North—no South, save only a green dividing line
Arched by a cloudless heaven where stars of Freedom shine.

Then let the bands send Dixie in music on the gales,
While Yankee Doodle echoes in flowery Southern vales.
And well-a-day, my Captain, and ne'er turn down your
hat,
For Dixie's in the North now, and we shout "Hurrah" for
that!

—*F. L. Stanton.*

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.
He lieth still; he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend and a true, true love,
And the New year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.
He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But, though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.
He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.

Everyone for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New year, blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own. —*Anon.*

The March of the Volunteers.

They marched their ways through the sunlit days—
A pageant bright and strong;
Oh, many a word of cheer they heard
From many a crowded throng.
'Twas the orator's cry, "You pencil high
In letters of gold each name.
As you walk the streets to loud drum-beats,
You are climbing the hills of fame!"
'Twas the matron's cry, "There is suffering nigh,
To furrowed and laureled brow;
But never was yet a mother's debt
More splendidly paid than now!"
'Twas the maiden's cry, "It is sweet to die
For the country's sake, 'tis said;
But be you true, my lover in blue,
I will love you, alive or dead!"
They marched their ways in the bright spring days
Past statues great and tall
Of the country's pride, who had lived or died
And given the land their all.
And Lincoln seemed to the heart that dreamed,
From his chiseled lips to speak:
"The mission of might should be to fight
For those that are crushed and weak!"
And Grant spoke loud to the marching crowd,
"Make heavy and hard your blows;

The shortest way to a peaceful day
Is over a field of foes!"
And Fame's star son, our Washington,
Spoke then from his kingless throne,
"You are heart and hand with the greatest land
That ever the world has known!"—*Will Carleton.*

L'ENVOI.

When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors are faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of all Good Workmen shall set us to work anew!
And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never grow tired at all.
And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of working, and each, in his separate star
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It, for the God of things as They Are! —*Rudyard Kipling.*

Herve Riel.

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.
'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase,
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signaled to the place,
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"
Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they,
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the 'Formidable' here, with her twelve and eighty guns,
Think to make the river mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons.
And with flow at full beside?
Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.

Reach the mooring! Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"
Then was called a council straight;
Brief and bitter the debate:

"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?—
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech),
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate."
"Give the word!"—But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these—
A captain? A lieutenant? A mate—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet—
A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel, the Croisickese.
And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel;
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell,

'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me, there's a way!
"Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ships to steer,
Get this 'Formidable' clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them most and least by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor, past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave—
Keel so much as grate the ground—
Why, I've nothing but my life, here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.
Not a minute more to wait!
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
"Captains, give the sailor place!
He is admiral in brief."
Still the north wind, by God's grace;
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide seas profound!

See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock!

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last.

And just as Hervé Riel hallos "Anchor!"—sure as fate
Up the English come, too late.
So the storm subsides to calm;
They see the green trees wave
On the heights overlooking Grève;
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!

'Neath ramparted Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
Now hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!
Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard;
Praise is deeper than the lips;
You have saved the king his ships,
You must name your own reward.
Faith, our sun was near eclipse.
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still,

Ask to heart's content, and have, or my name's not Damfreville."
Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,

As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue;
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?
Since 'tis ask and have, I may,
Since the others go ashore—
Come. A good whole holiday.
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore.
That he asked, and that he got—nothing more.
Name and deed alike are lost;
Not a pillar nor a post
In his croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
Go to Paris; rank on rank,
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank;
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse,
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the Belle Aurore.

—*Robert Browning.*

THE LEPER.

Day was breaking,
When at the altar of the temple stood
The holy priest of God. The incense lamp
Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant
Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof,
Like an articulate wail; and there, alone,
Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt,
Waiting to hear his doom:
"Depart! depart, O child
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God!
For He has smote thee with His chastening rod,
And to the desert wild,
From all thou lov'st away thy feet must flee,
That from thy plague His people may be free."
And he went forth alone. Not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibers of the heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way—
Sick and heartbroken, and alone—to die!
For God had cursed the leper.
It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
Praying he might be so blest—to die!
Footsteps approached, and with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying, "Unclean! unclean!" and in the folds

Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the stranger came, and bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name.
"Helon!" The voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
"Helon, arise!" And he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before him.

Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye,
As he beheld the stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow
The symbol of a lofty lineage wore;
No followers at his back, nor in his hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear; yet in his mien
Command sat throned serene, and if he smiled,
A kingly condescension graced his lips,
The lion would have crouched to in his lair.
He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if his heart were moved; and, stooping down,
He took a little water in his hand
And laid it on his brow, and said, "Be clean!"
And lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant's stole.
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet and worshiped him.

—*N. P. Willis.*

Mont Blanc Before Sunrise.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee, and above,
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge. But when I look again
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshiped the Invisible alone.
Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody—
So sweet we know not we are listening to it—
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thoughts,
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy;
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven.
Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs! all join my hymn!
Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,

Or when they climb the sky or when they sink—
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald—wake! O wake! and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?
And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered, and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury and your joy,
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?
And who commanded—and the silence came—
"Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?"
Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents; silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
"God!" let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, "God!"
"God!" sing, ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice
Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, "God!"
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost,

Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth "God!" and fill the hills with praise!
Thou, too, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depths of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou, too, again, stupendous mountain! thou
That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears.
Solemnly seemest like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me—rise, oh, ever rise!
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

The Light of Other Days.

Oft in the stilly night ere slumber's chain has bound me, fond Memory brings the light of other days around me: the smiles, the tears of boyhood's years, the words of love then spoken! The eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, the cheerful hearts now broken! Thus in the stilly night ere slumber's chain has bound me, sad Memory brings the light of other days around me.

When I remember all the friends so link'd together I've seen around me fall like leaves in wintry weather, I feel

like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted, whose lights are fled, whose garland's dead, and all but he departed! Thus in the stilly night ere slumber's chain has bound me, sad Memory brings the light of other days around me.—*Thomas Moore.*

Life.

How beautiful it is to be alive!
To wake each morn as if the Maker's grace
Did us afresh from nothingness desire,
That we might sing, How happy is our case!
How beautiful it is to be alive!
To read in God's great book until we feel
Love for the love that gave it; then to kneel
Close unto Him whose truth our souls will shrive
While every moment's joy doth more reveal
How beautiful it is to be alive!
Rather to go without what might increase
Our worldly standing, than our souls deprive
Of frequent speech with God; or than to cease
To feel, through having wasted health or peace,
How beautiful it is to be alive.
Not to forget, when pain and grief draw nigh,
Into the ocean of time past to dive
For memories of God's mercies, or to try
To bear all sweetly, hoping yet, to cry
How beautiful it is to be alive!
Thus ever toward man's height of nobleness
Strive still some new profession to contrive,
Till, just as any other friend's, we press
Death's hand; and having died, feel none the less
How beautiful it is to be alive.

—*Thomas Shelley Sutton.*

She Liked Him Rale Weel.

The Spring had brought the green leaf on the trees,
An' the flowers were unfolding their sweets tae the bees,
When Jock says tae Jenny, "Come, Jenny, agree,
An' say the bit word that ye'll marry me."
She held doon her heid like a lily sae meek,
An' the blush o' the rose fled awa' frae her cheek.
But she said, "Gang awa' man!
Your heid's in a creel."
She didna let on that she liked him rale weel—
Oh! she liked him rale weel—
Aye, she liked him rale weel!
But she didna let on that she liked him rale weel.
Then Jock says, "Oh, Jenny, for a twalmonth an' mair,
Ye ha'e kept me just hangin' 'twixt hope an' despair.
But, oh! Jenny, last night something whispered tae me
That I'd better lie doon at the dyke-side an' dee."
Tae keep Jock in life, she gave in tae be tied;
An' soon they were booked, an' three times they were cried.
Love danced in Jock's heart, an' hope joined the reel—
He was sure that his Jenny did like him rale weel—
Oh, she liked him rale weel!
Aye, she liked him rale weel!
But she never let on that she liked him rale weel.
When he wedding day cam', tae the manse they did stap,
An' there they got welcome frae Mr. Dunlap,
Wha chained them to love's matrimonial stake,
Syne they took a dram an' a mouthful o' cake.
Then the minister said, "Jock, be kind tae your Jenny,
Nae langer she's tied to the string o' her ninnie;

Noo, Jenny, will ye aye be couthie an' leal?''
''Yes, sir; oh, yes, for I like him rale weel!''
Aye, she liked him rale weel!
Oh! she liked him rale weel!
At last she owned up that she liked him rale weel!

—*Andrew Wauless.*

A Hindoo's Paradise.

A Hindoo died,—a happy thing to do
When twenty years united to a shrew.
Released, he joyously for entrance cries
Before the gates of Brahma's paradise.
''Hast been through purgatory,'' Brahma said.
''I have been married,''—and he hung his head.
''Come in, come in, and welcome, too, my son!
Marriage and purgatory are as one.''
In bliss extreme he entered heaven's door,
And knew the peace he ne'er had known before.

Scarce had he entered in the garden fair,
Before another Hindoo asked admission there.
The selfsame question Brahma asked again:
''Hast been through purgatory?' ''No, what then?''
''Thou canst not enter,'' did the god reply.
''He who went in was there no more than I.''
''All that is true, but he hath married been,
And so on earth has suffered for all sin.''
''Married? 'Tis well; for I've been married twice!''
''Begone! We'll have no fools in paradise.''

—*Anonymous.*

Abou Ben Adhem.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great awakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

—*Leigh Hunt.*

"One, Two, Three."

It was an old, old, old, old lady
  And a boy who was half-past three,
And the way that they played together
  Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go romping and jumping,
  And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
  With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
  Out under the maple tree,
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
  Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing,
  Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady
  And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
  On his one little sound right knee
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
  In guesses One, Two, Three.

"You're in the china closet!"
  He would laugh and cry with glee.
It wasn't the china closet,
  But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in papa's big bedroom,
  In the chest with the queer old key;"
And she said, "You are warm and warmer,
  But you are not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
  Where mamma's things used to be,
So it must be the clothes-press, Gran'ma!"
  And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
  That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places
Right under the maple tree—
This old, old, old, old lady
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear, old lady
And the boy who was half-past three.

—*H. C. Bunner.*

My Angel and I.

An angel was born in the soul of my soul;
His forehead shone like a lucent gem
In its setting of golden hair;
I felt his angelic pulses roll;
Like the floor of the new Jerusalem,
His bosom was white and fair.

I said, "My angel, my youth's ideal,
I will hold to you, though men call you unreal!"

The world said, "Let go!"
But I answered, "No!"
My life, when cast on his glittering breast,
Broke into rainbow hues whose glow
Was marvelous to behold,—
Like a sunbeam drawn from its golden rest,
And dashed on a prism, and shattered so
Into violet, red and gold.
Men said, "A dream, a fantasy wild,
Has ravished his soul and his reason beguiled."

The world said, "Let go!"
But I answered, "No!"

We slipped—my angel and I—and fell;
The star-beams blazed from his jostled crown

Down, down—O Heaven! how low
We slipped together in that dark well!
The world, passing by, looked solemnly down
With its wise "I told you so!"

My angel's robe looked draggled and torn;
But I clung to him, spite of human scorn.

The world said, "Let go!"
But I answered, "No!"

A jar, a crash! Did a thunderbolt fall
From the throne of God with a lightning pace,
And strike the earth to her heart?
My angel reeled from his castle wall,
And fold over fold clouds muffled his face,
Forcing us wide apart.
I clung to his white robe with a grip
Too strong with the strength of despair to slip.

The world said, "Let go!"
But I answered, "No!"

We swept through strange darks together so;
Clouds big with thunder about us crashed,
And the lightning shook its wings;
Through all the blackness and lurid glow
God's face—though I did not know it—flashed,
And his hand kept the balance of things.
My angel, my angel, I clung to you then,
Despite the pitiless gibes of men.

The world said, "Let go!"
But I answered, "No!"

Like the birth of a star from God's word in the night,
The earth flashed out of the storm all clad
In the fresh robes of His love;
We stood together on the height,—
My angel and I,—serene and glad,
With the hush of stars above.
The world looked up with sapient eyes,
And said, "I thought so; you were wise!"

World, shall I let go?
But the world cried, "No!"

—*Blanche Fearing.*

Be Merciful to Me, a Fool.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of Heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

Edward Rowland Sill.

Opportunity.

Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace—soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!

"If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.
I answer not, and I return no more!"

—*John James Ingalls.*

"Sweet-Thing" Jane.

When somebody comes a-tripping down,
The winds all at play with her hair and gown;
The very same winds that are just too lazy
To lift a leaf or swing a daisy,—
Then hold your heart with might and main;
She is crossing the meadow, "Sweet-Thing" Jane.

She always chooses the cool of the day,
The way down to Lovetown, that's her way;
She knows very well (what is well worth knowing)
There's only one road—the road she is going;
And she knows she is sweet as a rose in the rain,
And she knows—she will tell you—"Sweet-Thing" Jane.

A light will burn in the blue of her eye,
Like the star lit first in the evening sky;
And over her lips will bubble the laughter
The brooks in the sun go running after;
You will see, you will hear, at the gate in the lane,
While slowly it opens to "Sweet-Thing" Jane.

You will open it wide, then what will you do?
Why, you will be off for Lovetown, too,
The cool of the day is your lovers' weather,
And all go to Lovetown two together.
You may hold your heart with might and main,
She will have it at last, will "Sweet-Thing" Jane.

—*John Vance Cheney.*

The Happiest Heart.

Who drives the horses of the sun
  Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
  And keep the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame,
  The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
  Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
  Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
  And left to Heaven the rest.

—*Cheney.*

El Camino Real.

All in the golden weather, forth let us ride today,
You and I together on the King's Highway,
The blue skies above us, and below the shining sea;
There's many a road to travel, but it's this road for me.

It's a long road and sunny, and the fairest in the world.
There are peaks that rise above it in their snowy mantles curled.
And it leads from the mountains through a hedge of chaparral,
Down to the waters where the sea gulls call.

It's a long road and sunny, it's a long road and old,
And the brown padres made it for the flocks of the fold;
They made it for the sandals of the sinner-folk that trod
From the fields in the open to the shelter-house of God.
They made it for the sandals of the sinner-folk of old;
Now the flocks they are scattered and death keep the fold;
But you and I together we will take the road today,
With the breath in our nostrils, on the King's Highway.

We will take the road together through the morning's golden glow,
And we'll dream of those who trod it in the mellowed long ago;
We will stop at the missions where the sleeping padres lay,
And we'll bend a knee above them for their soul's sake to pray.
We'll ride through the valleys where the blossom's on the tree,

Through the orchards and the meadows with the bird and
the bee,
And we'll take the rising hills where the manzanitas grow,
Past the gray trails of waterfalls where blue violets blow.

Old Conquistadores, O brown priests, and all,
Give us your ghosts for company when night begins to fall;
There's many a road to travel, but it's this road today,
With the breath of God about us on the King's Highway.

—*John S. M'Groarty.*

THE FIRST QUARREL.

"Wait a little," you say. Wait! . . . I work an' I
wait to the end.
I am all alone in the world, an' you are my only friend.

Doctor, if *you* can wait, I'll tell you the tale o' my life.
When Harry an' I were children, he call'd me his own
little wife;
I was happy when I was with him, an' sorry when he was
away,
An' when we play'd together, I loved him better than play;
He workt me the daisy chain—he made me the cowslip
ball,
He fought the boys that were rude, an' I loved him better
than all.
Passionate girl tho' I was, an' often at home in disgrace,
I never could quarrel with Harry—I had but to look in
his face.

There was a farmer in Dorset of Harry's kin, that had need
Of a good stout lad at his farm; he sent, an' the father
agreed;

So Harry was bound to the Dorsetshire farm for years an' for years;
I walk'd with him down to the quay, poor lad, an' we parted in tears.
The boat was beginning to move, we heard them a-ringing the bell,
"I'll never love any but you, God bless you, my own little Nell."
And years went over till I that was little had grown so tall
The men would say of the maids, "Our Nelly's the flower of 'em all."
I didn't take heed o' *them,* but I taught myself all I could
To make a good wife for Harry, when Harry came home for good.

Often I seem'd unhappy, and often as happy, too,
For I heard it abroad in the fields, "I'll never love any but you;"
"I'll never love any but you," the morning song of the lark,
"I'll never love any but you," the nightingale's hymn in the dark.

And Harry came home at last, but he look'd at me sidelong and shy,
Vext me a bit, till he told me that so many years had gone by,
I had grown so handsome and tall—that I might ha' forgot him somehow—
For he thought—there were other lads—he was fear'd to look at me now.

Hard was the frost in the field, we were married o' Christmas day,

Married among the red berries, and all as merry as May—
Those were the pleasant times, my house an' my man were my pride,
We seemed like ships i' the Channel a-sailing with wind an' tide.

But work was scant in the Isle, tho, he tried the villages round,
So Harry went over the Solent to see if work could be found;
An' he wrote: "I ha' six weeks' work, little wife, so far as I know;
I'll come home for an hour tomorrow, an' kiss you before I go."

So I set to righting the house, for wasn't he coming that day?
An' I hit on an old deal-box that was push'd in a corner away,
It was full of old odds an' ends, an' a letter along wi' the rest,
I had better ha' put my naked hand in a hornet's nest.
"Sweetheart"—this was the letter—this was the letter I read—
"You promised to find me work near you, an' I wish I was dead—
Didn't you kiss me an' promise? You haven't done it, my lad,
An' I almost died o' your going away, an' I wish that I had."

I too wish that I had—in the pleasant times that had past,
Before I quarrell'd with Harry—*my* quarrel—the first an' the last.

For Harry came in, an' I flung him the letter that drove me wild,
An' he told me all at once, as simple as any child,
"What can it matter my lass, what I did wi' my single life?
I ha' been as true to you as ever a man to his wife;
An' *she* wasn't one o' the worst." "Then," I said, "I'm none o' the best."
An' he smiled at me, "Ain't you, my love? Come, come, little wife, let it rest!
The man isn't like the woman, no need to make such a stir."
But he anger'd me all the more, an' I said, "You were keeping with her,
When I was a-loving you all along an' the same as before."
An' he didn't speak for a while, and he anger'd me more and more.
Then he patted my hand in his gentle way, "Let bygones be!"
"Bygones! you kept yours hush'd," I said, "when you married me!
Bygones ma' be come-agains! . . . I hate her—an' I hate you!"
Ah, Harry, my man, you had better ha' beaten me black an' blue
Than ha's spoken as kind as you did, when I were so crazy wi' spite,
"Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it'ill all come right."

An' he took three turns in the rain, an' I watch'd him, an' when he came in
I felt that my heart was hard; he was all wet thro' to the skin,

An' I never said "off wi' the wet," I never said "on wi' the dry,"
So I knew my heart was hard, when he came to bid me good-bye.
"You said that you hated me, Ellen, but that isn't true, you know;
I am going to leave you a bit—you'll kiss me before I go?"
"I had sooner be cursed than kissed!"—I didn't know well what I meant,
But I turn'd my face from *him,* an' he turned *his* face an' he went.

And then he sent me a letter, "I've gotten my work to do;
You wouldn't kiss me my lass, an' I never loved any but you;
I am sorry for all the quarrel, an' sorry for what she wrote,
I ha' six weeks' work in Jersey, an' go tonight by the boat."

An' the wind began to rise, an' I thought of him out at sea,
An' I felt I had been to blame; he was always kind to me.
"Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it'll all come right"—
An' the boat went down that night—the boat went down that night.
—*Alfred Tennyson.*

The Daffodils.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
  And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
  Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.
The waves beside them danced, but they
  Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
  In such a jocund company;
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
  In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
  Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

—*William Wordsworth.*

BENEDICK'S SOLILOQUY.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, ACT II, SCENE 3.

Boy! In my chamber-window lies a book: bring it hither to me in the orchard. . . . I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviors to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love; and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would

have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armor; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthography: his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what color it please God.—*Shakespeare.*

JULIET'S WOOING OF THE NIGHT.

From Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Scene 2. *Capulet's orchard*

Enter Juliet.

Juliet.

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds
Towards Phoebus' lodging: such a wagoner
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms untalk'd of and unseen.

Come night; come Romeo; come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

—*Shakespeare.*

THE POTION SCENE.

From Romeo and Juliet, Act IV, Scene 3.

Scene: Juliet's *chamber.*

Enter Juliet *and Nurse, who bears wedding garments.*

Juliet. [*Looking at garments.*]
Ay, those attires are best: but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself tonight;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

Lady Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

Juliet. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state tomorrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

LADY CAP. [*Crossing and kissing* JULIET *on the forehead.*] Good night;
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.
[*Exit* LADY CAPULET, *right, followed by nurse, who pauses, looks at* JULIET, *comes back, embraces her, and exit hurriedly.*

JULIET. [*Looking after them.*]
Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
[*Running to right.*
Nurse! What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial.
[*Taking vial from her bosom, holding it in left hand and referring to it with right hand.*

What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?
No, no: [*Drawing dagger with right hand from girdle left.*] this shall forbid it. [*Advances three steps and lays the dagger on a small table.*]
Lie thou there.
[*Again referring to the vial.*

What if it be a poison, which the Friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonor'd
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
[*Puts vial in her bosom.*

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a valut, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packed;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort; . . .
O. if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, . . .
Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo, I come!
This do I drink to thee.

—*Shakespeare.*

Up At a Villa—Down in the City.

Had I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare,
The house for me no doubt, were a house in the city square;
Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the window there!

Something to see, by Bacchus, something to hear, at least!
There, the whole day long, one's life is a perfect feast;
While up at a villa one lives, I maintain it, no more than a beast.

Well now, look at our villa! stuck like the horn of a bull
Just on a mountain-edge as bare as the creature's skull,
Save a mere shag of a bush with hardly a leaf to pull!
—I scratch my own, sometimes, to see if the hair's turned wool.

But the city, oh the city—the square with the houses! Why?
They are stone-faced, white as a curd, there's something to take the eye!
Houses in four straight lines, not a single front awry;
You watch who crosses and gossips, who saunters, who hurries by;
Green blinds, as a matter of course, to draw when the sun gets high;
All the shops with fanciful signs which are painted properly.
What of a villa? Though winter be over in March by rights,
'Tis May perhaps ere the snow shall have withered well off the heights:
You've the brown ploughed land before, where the oxen steam and wheeze,
And the hills over-smoked behind by the faint gray olive-trees.

Is it better in May, I ask you? You've summer all at once;
In a day he leaps complete with a few strong April suns.

'Mid the sharp short emerald wheat, scarce risen three fingers well,
The wild tulip, at end of its tube, blows out its great red bell
Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for the children to pick and sell.

Is it ever hot in the square? There's a fountain to spout and splash!
In the shade it sings and springs; in the shine such foam-bows flash
On the horses with curling fish-tails, that prance and paddle and pash
Round the lady atop in her conch—fifty gazers do not abash,
Though all that she wears is some weeds round her waist in a sort of sash.

All the year long at the villa, nothing to see though you linger,
Except yon cypress that points like Death's lean lifted forefinger.
Some think fireflies pretty, when they mix i' the corn and mingle,
Or thrid the stinking hemp till the stalks of it seem a-tingle.
Late August or early September, the stunning cicala is shrill,
And the bees keep their tiresome whine round the resinous firs on the hill.
Enough of the seasons,—I spare you the months of the fever and chill.

Ere you open your eyes in the city, the blessed church-bells begin:

No sooner the bells leave off than the diligence rattles in:

You get the pick of the news, and it costs you never a pin.

By and by there's the traveling doctor gives pills, lets blood, draws teeth;

Or the Pulcinello-trumpet breaks up the market beneath.

At the post-office such a scene-picture,—the new play, piping hot!

And a notice how, only this morning, three liberal thieves were shot.

Above it, behold the Archbishop's most fatherly of rebukes,

And beneath, with his crown and his lion, some little new law of the Duke's!

Or a sonnet with flowery marge, to the Reverend Don So-and-So,

Who is Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca, Saint Jerome, and Cicero,

"And moreover" (the sonnet goes rhyming), "the skirts of Saint Paul has reached,

Having preached us those six Lent-lectures more unctuous than ever he preached."

Noon strikes,—here sweeps the procession! our Lady borne smiling and smart

With a pink gauze gown all spangles, and seven swords stuck in her heart!

Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife.

No keeping one's haunches still: it's the greatest pleasure in life.

But bless you, it's dear—it's dear! fowls, wine, at double the rate.
They have clapped a new tax upon salt, and what oil pays passing the gate
It's a horror to think of. And so, the villa for me, not the city!
Beggars can scarcely be choosers: but still—ah, the pity, the pity!
Look, two and two go the priests, then the monks with cowls and sandals,
And the penitents dressed in white shirts, a-holding the yellow candles;
One, he carries a flag up straight, and another a cross with handles,
And the Duke's guard brings up the rear, for the better prevention of scandals:
Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife.
Oh, a day in the city-square, there is no such pleasure in life!—*Robert Browning.*

HAMLET'S INSTRUCTION TO THE PLAYERS.

HAMLET, ACT III, SCENE 2.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spake my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are

capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise. I could have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.—*Shakespeare.*

OTHELLO'S APOLOGY.

Most potent, grave and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used

Their dearest action in the tented field,
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,—
For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,—
I won his daughter.—*Shakespeare.*

THE SEVEN AGES.

As You Like It, Act II, Scene 7.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exists and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrows. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts

Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.
—*Shakespeare.*

THE MOTLEY FOOL.

As You Like It, Act II, Scene 7.

A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
"Good morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he,
"Call me not fool till Heaven hath sent me fortune."
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer;

That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

—*Shakespeare.*

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.

From "Endymion," Book I.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such, too, is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.—*John Keats.*

The Child Musician.

He had played for his lordship's levee,
  He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
  And the poor little brain would swim.

  And the face grew peaked and eerie,
  And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said,—too late,—"He is weary!
  He shall rest for, at least, tonight!"

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
  As they watched in the silent gloom,
With the sound of a strained cord breaking
  A something snapped in the room.

'Twas a string of his violincello,
  And they heard him stir in his bed:—
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
  Kind God!" was the last that he said.

—*Austin Dobson.*

Somewhere.

Somewhere the spirit will come to its own,
Through tear-mist or star-dust, from circle to zone;
In the scent of dead roses, in winds, or in waves,
From the gold of the sunset to flower-kissed graves.
Sing on, and trust ever! be steadfast! for see!
The true and the lovely are allies with thee.
Stretch up to the heights the brave toilers have trod;
Somewhere there is recompense—everywhere God!

—*Helen Hinsdale Rich.*

On a Gray Birthday.

Years are flying! Even so
As o'er others, must they go
Over your dear head, and streak
With Time's pencil your loved cheek.

Gray must take the place of gold,
Limbs grow feeble, passion cold;
Through it all, dear, you and I
Will be lovers till we die.

And if lovers, spite of years,
What care we for Time or tears?
Time takes not the essential thing.
Bears not love upon his wing.

Tears are for the foolish young,
Hearts unchastened, nerves unstrung:
We have wept, but weep no more;
What's to weep for, at threescore?

We have learned that, good or ill,
Naught in life can quite fulfil
What we hope or what we fear,
Nothing's quite worth laugh or tear.

What seemed ill proves not so bad,
Haply good, in russet clad;
And the things that promised best
Oft prove plague-gifts, gaily drest.

Deep below the waves of fate—
Lust, ambition, greed, and hate—
We have found the tideless sea
Where perpetual peace may be.

Peace of hearts that beat as one,
Fearing nothing, hating none,
Closer nestling, as their day
Slowly fades to night away.

—*John Marshall.*

THE BELLS.

Hear the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells.
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle in the icy air of night!
While the stars that over sprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a chrystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme
To the tintinnabulations that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.
Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight.
From the molten golden notes and all in tune
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle dove that listens as she gloats on the moon
O, from out the sounding cells
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells,
How it swells,
How it dwells

On the future! How it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and ringing of the bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.
Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now their turbulency tells!
In the startled air of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,

In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

—*Edgar Allen Poe.*

Each and All.

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown,
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height:
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky—
He sang to my ear—they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave

Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.
The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage—
The gay enchantment was undone.
A gentle wife, but fairy none.
Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth."—
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird—
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

My Star.

All that I know
Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
(Like the angled spar)
Now a dart of red,
Now a dart of blue;
Till my friends have said
They would fain see, too,
My star that dartles the red and the blue!
Then it stops like a bird; like a flower hangs furled;
They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.
What matter to me if their star is a world?
Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it.

—*Robert Browning.*

The Three Fishers.

Three fishers went sailing out into the West—
Out into the West as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town:
For men must work, and women must weep;
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,

And the rack it came rolling up, ragged and brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are watching and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to the town:
For men must work, and women must weep—
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep—
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

The Angelus Bell.

There has come to my mind a legend,
A thing I had half forgot,
And whether I read it or dreamed it—
Ah well—it matters not.
But 'tis said that in heaven at twilight
A great bell softly swings,
And men may listen and hearken
To the wonderful music that rings,
If he put from his heart all hatred,
All passion, pain and strife,
Heartache and weary longing,
That throb in the pulses of life;
If he thrust from his soul all malice,
All thought of wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight
How the bell of the angelus rings.

And methinks there is in this legend,
If we open our eyes to see,
Somewhat of an inner meaning
My friend, for you and me.
Let us ask ourselves the question,
Can pure thoughts enter in
To a heart that is already
The dwelling of thoughts of sin?
So, then, let us ponder a little,
Let us look in our hearts and see
If the bells of the holy angels
Can ring for us—you and me.

—*Margaret E. Foe.*

The Friends That Love Us Always.

1.

The friends that love us always,
In the good times and the bad;
The friends that love us always
Are the friends that keep us glad.
The friends that cling in tempest
As they do in calms are those
That have made the paths of hardship
Seem the paths of song and rose.

2.

The friends that love us always,
When we go their way or not,
Are the friends that hearts remember
When the others are forgot.

The friends that stick the closest
When the trouble grows the worst;
The friends that love us always
Just the way they did at first.

3.

They are the crowning jewels
Of the coronets we weave
In the dream of tender moments
When the troubles start to leave;
And we lisp their names forever
And we see their faces clear.
The friends that love us always,
In the sun or shadows, drear.—*Anon.*

If We Had the Time.

If I had the time to find a place
And sit me down full face to face
With my better self, that cannot show
In my daily life that rushes so:
It might be then I would see my soul
Was stumbling still toward the shining goal,
I might be nerved by the thought sublime—
If I had the time!
If I had the time to let my heart
Speak out and take in my life a part,
To look about and to stretch a hand
To a comrade quartered in no-luck land;
Ah, God! If I might but just sit still
And hear the note of the whip-poor-will,
I think that my wish with God's would rhyme—
If I had the time!

If I had the time to learn from you
How much for comfort my word could do;
And I told you then of my sudden will
To kiss your feet when I did you ill;
If the tears aback of the coldness feigned
Could flow, and the wrong be quite explained—
Brothers, the souls of us all would chime,
If we had the time!

—*Richard Burton.*

Self Dependence.

Weary of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forward, forward, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send;
"Ye who from my childhood up have calm'd me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night air came the answer,—
"Wouldst thou be as these are? Live as they,

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them,
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life we see."

O air-born voice! long since, severely clear
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
"Resolve to be thyself; and know that he
Who finds himself loses his misery!"

—*Mathew Arnold.*

ELOQUENCE.

1. When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech farther than as it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion.

2. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire to it; they cannot reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreaking of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their

own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and snubbed, as in the presence of higher qualities.

3. Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object—this, this is eloquence; or rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence—it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

—*Daniel Webster.*

Work.

1. What is wise work, and what is foolish work? What is the difference between sense and nonsense, in daily occupation? There are three tests of wise work: That it must be honest, useful and cheerful.

It is *Honest.* I hardly know anything more strange than that you recognize honesty in play, and do not in work. In your lightest games, you have always some one to see what you call "fair-play." In boxing, you must hit fair; in racing, start fair. Your English watchword is "fair-*play,*" your English hatred, "foul-*play.*" Did it ever strike you that you wanted another watchword also, "fair-*work,*" and another and bitter hatred—"foul-*work?*"

2. Then wise work is *Useful.* No man minds, or ought to mind, its being hard, if only it comes to something; but when it is hard and comes to nothing, when all our bees' business turns to spiders,' and for honeycomb we have

only resultant cobweb, blown away by the next breeze—that is the cruel thing for the worker. Yet do we ever ask ourselves, personally or even nationally, whether our work is coming to anything or not?

3. Then wise work is cheerful, as a child's work is. Everybody in this room has been taught to pray daily, "Thy Kingdom come." Now, if we hear a man swearing in the streets we think it very wrong, and say he "takes God's name in vain." But there's a twenty times worse way of taking His name in vain than that. It is to *ask God for what we don't want.* If you don't want a thing don't ask for it; such asking is the worst mockery of your King you can insult Him with. If you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it. And, to work for it you must know what it is.

4. Observe, it is a Kingdom that is to come to us; we are not to go to it. Also it is not to come all at once, but quietly; nobody knows how. The "Kingdom of God cometh not with observation." Also, it is not to come outside of us, but in our hearts: "The Kingdom of God is within you." Now if we want to work for this Kingdom, and to bring it, and to enter into it, there's one curious condition to be first accepted. We must enter into it as children, or not at all; "Whosoever will not receive it as a little child shall not enter therein." And again, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, *for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.*"

5. Of *such,* observe. Not of children themselves, but of such as children. It is the *character* of children we want and must gain. It is modest, faithful, loving, and because of all these characters it is cheerful. Putting its

trust in its father, it is careful for nothing—being full of love to every creature, it is happy always,, whether in its play or in its duty. Well, that's the great worker's character also. Taking no thought for the morrow; taking thought only for the duty of the day; knowing indeed what labor is, and not what sorrow is; and always ready for play—beautiful play.—*John Ruskin.*

EXTRACT FROM "THE RING AND THE BOOK."

Our human speech is naught,
Our human testimony false, our fame
And human estimation words and wind.
Why take the artistic way to prove so much?
Because, it is the glory and good of Art,
That Art remains the one way possible
Of speaking truth, to mouths like mine, at least.
How look a brother in the face and say
"Thy right is wrong, eyes hast thou, yet art blind,
Thine ears are stuffed and stopped, despite their length,
And, oh, the foolishness thou countest faith!"
Say this as silvery as tongue can troll—
The anger of the man may be endured,
The shrug, the disappointed eyes of him
Are not so bad to bear—but here's the plague,
That all this trouble comes of telling truth,
Which truth, by when it reaches him, looks false,
Seems to be just the thing it would supplant,
Nor wrong the thought, missing the mediate word.
While falsehood would have done the work of truth.
But Art—wherein man nowise speaks to men,
Only to mankind—Art may tell a truth
Obliquely, do the thing shall breed the thought,

Not wrong the thought, missing the mediate word.
So may you paint your picture, twice show truth,
Beyond mere imagery on the wall—
So, note by note, bring music from your mind,
Deeper than ever the Andante dived—
So write a book shall mean beyond the facts,
Suffice the eye and save the soul besides.

—*Browning.*

As You Like It.

Act I. Scene III.

Celia. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

Rosalind. Not one to throw at a dog.

Celia. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me. But is all this for your father?

Rosalind. No, some of it is for my father's child. Oh, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Celia. They are but burrs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Rosalind. I could shake them off my coat; these burrs are in my heart.

Celia. Hem them away.

Rosalind. I would try, if I could cry hem, and have him.

Celia. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Rosalind. Oh, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Celia. Oh, a good wish upon you! But turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest; is it pos-

sible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Rosalind. The duke my father loved his father dearly.

Celia. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Rosalind. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Celia. Why should I? doth he not deserve well?

Rosalind. Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do. Ha! here comes the duke.

Celia. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke Frederick, Eustace, Louis, *and* Gentlemen.

Duke. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste, and get you from our court!

Rasolind. Me, uncle?

Duke. You, cousin:
Within these ten days, if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it!

Rosalind. I do beseech your grace
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with my own desires,
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
As I do trust I am not; then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Duke. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself—
Let it suffice to be that I trust thee not.

Rosalind. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Rosalind. So was I when you highness took his dukedom:
So was I, when you highness banished him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor.
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Celia. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke. Ay, Celia; we but stayed her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.

Celia. I did not then entreat to have her stay—
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse.
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her; if she be a traitor,
Why, so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together,
And whereso'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Then open not thy lips:
Firm, and irrevocable, is my doom
Which I have passed upon her; she is banished.

Celia. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself:
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die. (*Exit* Duke.

Celia. Oh, my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Rosalind. I have more cause.

Celia. Thou hast not, cousin;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banished me, his daughter?

Rosalind. That he hath not.

Celia. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth me, that thou and I are one.
Shall we be sundered? shall we part, sweet girl?
No! let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take the charge upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Rosalind. Why, whither shall we go?

Celia. To seek my uncle, in the forest of Arden.

Rosalind. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves, sooner than gold.

Celia. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire:
The like do you: so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Rosalind. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and, in my heart,
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,
We'll have a swashing and martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Celia. What shall I call thee, when thou art man?

Rosalind. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And, therefore, look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be called?

Celia. Something that hath a reference to my state.
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Rosalind. But, cousin, what if we essayed to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Celia. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit, that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content,
To liberty and not to banishment.—*Shakespeare.*

The Fezziwig Ball.

1. "Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work tonight. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up, before a man can say Jack Robinson!"

You wouldn't believe how those two fellows went at it! They charged into the street with the shutters—one, two, three—had 'em up in their places—four, five, six—barred 'em and pinned 'em—seven, eight, nine—and came back before you could have got to twelve, panting like race horses.

2. "Hilli-ho!" cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from the high desk, with wonderful agility. "Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life for evermore; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and dry, and bright a ball room, as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

3. In came a fiddler with a music book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast, substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master; trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door, but one who was proved to have had her ears pulled by her mistress.

4. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once; hands half round and back again the other way, down the middle and up again, round and round in various stages of grouping, old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there, all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them! When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!"

5. There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there were mince pies. But the great effect of the evening came after the Roast and Boiled, when the fiddler (an artful dog, mind! The sort of a man who knew his business better than you or I could have told it him!) struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and had no motion of walking.

6. But if they had been twice as many—ah, four times—old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll use it. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance like moons. You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would have become of

them next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance; advance and retire, both hands to your partner, bow and curtsey, corkscrew, thread-the-needle, and back again to your place; Fezziwig "cut" —cut so deftly, that he appeared to wink with his legs, and came upon his feet again without a stagger.

7. When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side of the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds; which were under a counter in the back shop.

—*Charles Dickens.*

Eternal Life.

Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me.

When I go down to the grave I can say I have finished my day's work, but I cannot say I have finished my life. My day's work will begin again the next morning.

The tomb is not a blind alley, but a thorofare. It closes on the twilight; it opens on the dawn.—*Victor Hugo.*

Self Reliance.

1. To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart, is true for all men—that is genius.

Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense; for the inmost in due times becomes the out-

most, and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the Last Judgment. Familiar as the voice of the mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton is that they all set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what men but what *they* thought.

2. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the luster of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thought; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty.

3. Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our spontaneous impression with good-humored inflexibility, then most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side. Else to-morrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another.

4. There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried.

5. Not for nothing one face, one character, one fact makes much impression on him, and another none. This

sculpture in the memory is not without prëestablished harmony. The eye was placed where one ray should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray.

6. We but half express ourselves, and we are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents. It may be safely trusted as proportionate and of good issues, so it be faithfully imparted, but God will not have his work made manifest by cowards. A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise, shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt his genius deserts him; no muse befriends; no invention, no hope.

7. Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine Providence has found for you; the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the absolutely trustworthy was seated at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being.

8. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and not minors and invalids in a protected corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but guides, redeemers, and benefactors, obeying the Almighty effort and advancing on Chaos and the Dark. —*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

SCENE FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

Portia. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Nerissa. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs but competency lives longer.

Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Nerissa. They would be better, if well followed.

Portia. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. . . . But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word "choose!" I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Nerissa. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you), will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affectiion towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Portia. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Nerissa. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Portia. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself.

Nerissa. Then there is the County Palatine.

Portia. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, "If you will not have me, choose." He hears merry tales, and smiles not; I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. Heaven defend me from these two!

Nerissa. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Portia. Heaven made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.

Nerissa. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Portia. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk; when he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. And the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Nerissa. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Portia. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket;

for, if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I'll be married to sponge.

Nerissa. You need not fear, lady, the having any of of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition depending on the caskets.

Portia. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray Heaven grant them a fair departure.

Nerissa. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Portia. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, he was so called.

Nerissa. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Portia. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

(*Portia speaks to Nerissa, who observes some one approaching*).

How now! what news?

Nerissa. Lord Bassanio has ta'en his oath, and comes to his election.—*Shakespeare.*

Organ Music.

1. The sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the faint responses of the choir; these paused for a time and all was hushed.

The stillness, the desertion, and obscurity that were gradually prevailing around gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place—

> 'For in the silent grave no conversation,
> No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
> No careful father's counsel—nothing's heard,
> For nothing is, but all oblivion,
> Dust and an endless darkness."

2. Suddenly the notes of the deep laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal!

3. And now they rise in triumphant acclamation heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out in sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven.

4. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn,

sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful—it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls—the ear is stunned—the senses are overwhelmed.

5. And now it is winding up in full jubilee; it is rising from the earth to heaven—the very soul seems rapt away, and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony! I sat for some time, lost in that kind of reverie which a strain of music is apt, at times, to inspire: the shadows of evening were gradually thickening around me, and the distant clock gave token of the slowly waning day.

—*Washington Irving.*

Await the Issue.

In this world, with its wild whirling eddies and mad foam oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew forever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below: the just thing, the true thing.

2. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing, and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, "In Heaven's name, No!"

3. Thy "success?" poor fellow, what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from north to

south, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just things lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing.

4. It is the right and noble alone that will have victory in this struggle; the rest is wholly an obstruction, a postponement and fearful imperilment of the victory. Towards an eternal center of right and nobleness, and of that only, is all confusion tending. We already know whither it is all tending; what will have victory, what will have none! The Heaviest will reach the center. The Heaviest has its deflections, its obstructions, nay, at times its reboundings; whereupon some blockhead shall be heard jubilating: "See, your Heaviest ascends!" but at all moments it is moving centerward, fast as is convenient for it; sinking, sinking; and, by laws older than the world, old as the Maker's first plan of the world, it has to arrive there.

5. Await the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies indeed; but his work lives, very truly lives.

6. A heroic Wallace, quartered on the scaffold, cannot hinder that his Scotland become, one day, a part of England; but he does hinder that it become, on tyrannous, unfair terms, a part of it; commands still, as with a god's voice, from his old Valhalla and Temple of the Brave, that there be a just, real union, as of brother and brother, not a false and merely semblant one as of slave and master. If the union with England be in fact one of Scotland's

chief blessings, we thank Wallace withal that it was not the chief curse. Scotland is not Ireland: no, because brave men rose there and said, "Behold, ye must not tread us down like slaves; and ye shall not, and cannot!"

7. Fight on, thou brave true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no further, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be: but the truth of it is part of Nature's own laws, co-operates with the world's eternal tendencies, and cannot be conquered.

—*T. Carlyle.*

The Angel and The Shepherd.

A mile and a half, it may be two miles, southeast of Bethlehem, there is a plain separated from the town by an intervening swell of the mountain. At the side farthest from the town, close under a bluff, there was an extensive sheepcote, ages old. In some long forgotten foray, the building had been unroofed and almost demolished. The inclosure attached to it remains almost intact, however, and that was of more importance to the shepherds who drove their charges thither than the house itself.

There were six of these men, omitting the watchman; and after while they assembled in a group near the fire, some sitting, some lying prone. They rested and talked; and their talk was all about their flocks, a dull theme to the world, yet a theme which was all the world to them. While they talked, and before the first watch was over, one by one, the shepherds went to sleep, each lying where he had sat.

The night, like most nights of the winter season in the hill country, was clear, crisp, and sparkling with stars.

There was no wind, the atmosphere seemed never so pure, and the stillness was more than silence; it was a holy hush, a warning that heaven was stooping low to whisper some good thing to the listening earth.

By the gate hugging his mantle close, the watchman walked; at times he stopped, attracted by a stir among the sleeping herds, or by a jackal's cry off on the mountain side. The midnight was slow coming to him; but at last it came. His task was done; now for the dreamless sleep with which labor blesses its wearied children. He moved toward the fire, but paused—a light was breaking round him, soft and white, like the moon's. He waited breathlessly. The light deepened; things before invisible came to view; he saw the whole field, and all it sheltered. A chill sharper than that of the frosty air—a chill of fear smote him. He looked up; the stars were gone; the light was dropping as from a window in the sky; as he looked, it became a splendor; then, on terror, he cried:

"Awake, awake!"

Up sprang the dogs and, howling, ran away.

The herds rushed together bewildered. The men clamored to their feet, weapons in hands.

"What is it?" they asked, in one voice.

"See!" cried the watchman, "the sky is on fire!"

Suddenly the light became intolerably bright, and they covered their eyes, and dropped upon their knees; then, as their souls shrank with fear, they fell upon their faces blind and fainting, and would have died had not a voice said to them:

"Fear not!"

And they listened.

"Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto this day is

born, in the city of David; a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord! And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe, wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger."

The voice, in sweetness and soothing more than human, and low and clear, penetrated all their beings, and filled them with assurance. They rose upon their knees, and looking worshipfully, beheld in the center of a great glory the appearance of a man, clad in a robe intensely white; above its shoulders towered the tops of wings shining and folded; a star over its forehead glowed with steady luster, brilliant as Hesperus; its hands were stretched toward them in a blessing; its face was serene and divinely beautiful.

The herald spoke not again; his good tidings were told; yet he stayed awhile. Suddenly the light of which he seemed the center, turned roseate and began to tremble; then up, up, up, far the men could see, there was flashing of white wings, and coming and going of radiant forms, and voices as of a multitude chanting in unison.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men."

Not once the praise, but many times. Then the herald raised his eyes as seeking approval of one far off; his wings stirred, and spread slowly and majestically, he arose lightly, and without effort, floated out of view, taking the light up with him. Long after he was gone, down from the sky fell the refrain, in measure mellowed by distance:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace; good will toward men."

—*Lew Wallace.*

HIAWATHA.

Scene—The Famine.

O the long and dreary Winter!
O the cold and cruel Winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.
Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.
O the Famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the Famine!
O the blasting of the Fever!
O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!
All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them
And the hungry stars in heaven

Like the eyes of wolves glared at them;
Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water.
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.
And the foremost said: "Behold! me.
I am Famine, Bukadawin!"
And the other said: "Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"
And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered,
Lay down on her bed in silence
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her
At the fearful words they uttered.
Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
On his face a stony firmness;
"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!"
Cried he with face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
"Give your children food, O father!
Give us food, or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha!

For my dying Minnehaha!"
Through the far resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant
Rang that cry of desolation,
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying
Than the echo of the woodlands,
"Minnehaha! Minnehaha!"
All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadows of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of summer,
Of that ne'er forgotten summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dacotahs;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble
"I will follow you, my husband!"
In the wigwam with Nokomis
With those gloomy guests that watched her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying the beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.
"Hark!" she said; "I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from the distance!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
" 'Tis the night-wind in the pine trees!"

"Look!" she said; "I see my father
Standing lonely in his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!"
"No, My child!" said old Nokomis,
" 'Tis the smoke that waves and beckons!"
Ah! said she, "The eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness,
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"
And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha,
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"
Over snow-fields waste and pathless
Under snow-encumbered branches
Homeward hurried Hiawatha
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him.
And his bursting heart within him,
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven,
Shook and trembled in his anguish,
Then they buried Minnehaha;

In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
Covered her with snow, like ermine,
Thus they buried Minnehaha.
And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled.
For her soul upon its journey
To the Island of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha,
Saw it burning in the Forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks,
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha
Stood and watched it from his doorway
That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.
"Farewell;" said he, "Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I will follow
To the Island of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

Portia's Speech on Mercy.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed—
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

—*Shakespeare.*

The Life of Saul.

Saul was a shepherd, and later a leader among men. No story in history is more pathetic than that of Saul. Like a mariner who has lost both sun and compass, bewildered, Saul turned toward a fortune teller for help, and later this prince who in this strength had planned the movements of an army, asked a wandering gypsy to determine the path his faltering feet and shattered intellect should walk. In that hour when sin had bewildered the king's intellect, and melancholy had enfeebled his will, growing desperate, Saul denied himself food and drink, and withdrew into his uttermost tent. For three days and nights there was no signs of life. Saul lived alone except for his servants.

David was a shepherd, but was often called upon to play his harp before the insane, as that was their only method of treating in those days. He was also a friend of Jonathan, the youngest son of Saul; therefore when this king of the Israelites needed help, David was called upon. He pondered what form of message he should bring. He took off the lilies that twined the chords of his harp, and sang of love, and home, he sang of God's mercy that forgives and saves. He reminded Saul that trouble hath its ministry and suffering its mercy; that if the palm tree dies, its dates will live to support men crossing life's desert, and if old age is a winter that strips the trees, the leaves fall only to lend a lovelier luster to the boughs of many, therefore good deeds done, truths sown as seed shall rise again in new harvests of beauty.

Having plied Saul by the memories of childhood and youth by his ambitions and victory, his temptations and

sufferings, his prayers and tears, suddenly David swung wide for him the door of immortality and reminded this man with his sorrow and failure and shame, that through God's good mercy, the immortal life shall repair the defeats of the life that is. An eternal morn shall succeed death's brief night. Saul now a ruin and a failure shall awake to a new life and endure.

O, Saul, it shall be
A face like my face that receives thee, a man like to me
Thou shalt love and be loved forever,
A hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to theee,
See the Christ stand."

Behold the friend divine, who is abroad recovering men from ruin and defeat, therefore hope thou in Christ. His love can soften the hardest heart, forgive the blackest sin and can redeem the darkest tragedy into triumph and victory.